

P O E M S

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

BY

MR. JOHN GAY.

VOLUME I.

*His jocamur, ludimus, amamus, dolemus, querimur, irascimur;
describimus aliquid modò pressius, modò elatius: atque ipsâ
varietate tentamus efficere, ut alia aliis, quaedam fortasse om-
nibus placeant.* *Plin. Epist.*

GLASGOW,

PRINTED AND SOLD BY ROBERT AND ANDREW FOULIS

M DCC LI.

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VOLUME I.

The Author, in this Poem, has endeavoured to represent the various Passions of the Human Mind, as they are affected by the different Objects of Sense, and the various Circumstances of Life. The Poem is divided into three Parts, the first of which contains the Description of the Passions, the second the Description of the Objects of Sense, and the third the Description of the Circumstances of Life.

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RURAL SPORTS.

A

GEORGIC.

TO MR. POPE.

YOU, who the sweets of rural life have known,
Despise th' ungrateful hurry of the town;
In Windsor groves your easy hours employ,
And, undisturb'd, your self and muse enjoy.
Thames listens to thy strains, and silent flows,
And no rude winds through rustling osiers blows,
While all his wond'ring nymphs around thee throng,
To hear the Syrens warble in thy song.

But I, who ne'er was bless'd by fortune's hand,
Nor brighten'd plough-shares in paternal land,
Long in the noisie town have been immur'd,
Respir'd its smoak, and all its cares endur'd,
Where news and politicks divide mankind,
And schemes of state involve th' uneasie mind;
Faction embroils the world; and ev'ry tongue
Is mov'd by flatt'ry, or with scandal hung:
Friendship, for sylvan shades, the palace flies,
Where all must yield to int'rest's dearer ties;
Each rival Machiavel with envy burns,
And honesty forsakes them all by turns;
While calumny upon each party's thrown,
Which both promote, and both alike disown.
Fatigu'd at last; a calm retreat I chose,
And sooth'd my harra's'd mind with sweet repose,

Where fields, and shades, and the refreshing clime,
Inspire the sylvan song, and prompt my rhyme.
My muse shall rove through flow'ry meads and plains,
And deck with rural sports her native strains,
And the same road ambitiously pursue,
Frequented by the Mantuan swain, and you.

'Tis not that rural sports alone invite,
But all the grateful country breaths delight;
Here blooming health exerts her gentle reign,
And strings the sinews of th' industrious swain.
Soon as the morning lark salutes the day,
Through dewy fields I take my frequent way,
Where I behold the farmer's early care,
In the revolving labours of the year.

When the fresh spring in all her state is crown'd,
And high luxuriant grass o'erspreads the ground,
The lab'rer with the bending scythe is seen,
Shaving the surface of the waving green,
Of all her native pride disrobes the land,
And meads lays waste before his sweeping hand:
While with the mounting sun the meadow glows,
The fading herbage round he loosely throws;
But if some sign portend a lasting show'r,
Th' experienc'd swain foresees the coming hour,
His sun-burnt hands the scatt'ring fork forsake,
And ruddy damsels ply the saving rake;
In rising hills the fragrant harvest grows,
And spreads along the field in equal rows.

Now when the height of heav'n bright Phoebus gains,
And level rays cleave wide the thirsty plains,
When heifers seek the shade and cooling lake,
And in the middle path-way basks the snake;
O lead me, guard me from the sultry hours,
Hide me, ye forests, in your closest bowers:

Where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines,
And with the beech a mutual shade combines;
Where flows the murm'ring brook, inviting dreams,
Where bord'ring hazle overhangs the streams
Whose rolling current winding round and round,
With frequent falls makes all the wood resound;
Upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast,
And ev'n at noon the sweets of ev'ning taste.

Here I peruse the Mantuan's Georgic strains,
And learn the labours of Italian swains;
In ev'ry page I see new landscapes rise,
And all Hesperia opens to my eyes.
I wander o'er the various rural toil,
And know the nature of each different soil:
This waving field is gilded o'er with corn,
That spreading trees with blushing fruit adorn:
Here I survey the purple vintage grow,
Climb round the poles, and rise in graceful row:
Now I behold the steed curvet and bound,
And paw with restless hoof the smoaking ground:
The dewlap'd bull now chafes along the plain,
While burning love ferments in ev'ry vein;
His well-arm'd front against his rival aims,
And by the dint of war his mistress claims:
The careful insect 'midst his works I view,
Now from the flow'rs exhaust the fragrant dew;
With golden treasures load his little thighs,
And steer his distant journey thro' the skies;
Some against hostile drones the hive defend;
Others with sweets the waxen cells distend:
Each in the toil his destin'd office bears,
And in the little bulk a mighty soul appears.

Or when the ploughman leaves the task of day,
And trudging homeward whistles on the way;

When the big-udder'd cows with patience stand,
 Waiting the stroakings of the damfel's hand;
 No warbling chears the woods; the feather'd choir
 To court kind slumbers to their sprays retire;
 When no rude gale disturbs the sleeping trees,
 Nor aspen leaves confess the gentlest breeze;
 Engag'd in thought, to Neptune's bounds I stray,
 To take my farewell of the parting day;
 Far in the deep the sun his glory hides,
 A streak of gold the sea and sky divides;
 The purple clouds their amber lining show,
 And edg'd with flame rolls ev'ry wave below:
 Here pensive I behold the fading light,
 And o'er the distant billow lose my sight.

Now night in silent state begins to rise,
 And twinkling orbs bestrow th' uncloudy skies;
 Her borrow'd lustre growing Cynthia lends,
 And on the main a glitt'ring path extends;
 Millions of worlds hang in the spacious air,
 Which round their suns their annual circles steer.
 Sweet contemplation elevates my sense,
 While I survey the works of providence.
 O could the muse in loftier strains rehearse,
 The glorious Author of the universe,
 Who reins the winds, gives the vast ocean bounds,
 And circumscribes the floating worlds their rounds,
 My soul should overflow in songs of praise,
 And my Creator's name inspire my lays!

As in successive course the seasons roll,
 So circling pleasures recreate the soul.
 When genial spring a living warmth bestows,
 And o'er the year her verdant mantle throws,
 No swelling inundation hides the grounds,
 But crystal currents glide within their bounds;

The finny brood their wonted haunts forsake,
Float in the sun, and skim along the lake,
With frequent leap they range the shallow streams,
Their silver coats reflect the dazzling beams.
Now let the fisherman his toils prepare,
And arm himself with ev'ry watry snare;
His hooks, his lines peruse with careful eye,
Encrease his tackle, and his road retye.

When floating clouds their spongy fleeces drain,
Troubling the streams with swift-descending rain,
And waters, tumbling down the mountain's side,
Bear the loose soil into the swelling tide;
Then, soon as vernal gales begin to rise,
And drive the liquid burthen through the skies,
The fisher to the neighb'ring current speeds,
Whose rapid surface purles, unknown to weeds;
Upon a rising border of the brook
He sits him down, and ties the treach'rous hook;
Now expectation cheers his eager thought,
His bosom glows with treasures yet uncaught,
Before his eyes a banquet seems to stand,
Where ev'ry guest applauds his skilful hand.

Far up the stream the twisted hair he throws,
Which down the murm'ring current gently flows;
When if or chance or hunger's pow'rful sway
Directs the roving trout this fatal way,
He greedily sucks in the twining bait,
And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat:
Now, happy fisherman, now twitch the line!
How thy rod bends! behold, the prize is thine!
Cast on the bank, he dies with gasping pains,
And trickling blood his silver mail distains.

You must not ev'ry worm promiscuous use,
Judgment will tell thee proper bait to chuse;

The worm that draws a long immod'rate size
 The trout abhors, and the rank morsel flies;
 And if too small, the naked fraud's in sight,
 And fear forbids, while hunger does invite.
 Those baits will best reward the fisher's pains,
 Whose polish'd tails a shining yellow stains:
 Cleanse them from filth, to give a tempting gloss,
 Cherish the fully'd reptile race with moss;
 Amid the verdant bed they twine, they toil,
 And from their bodies wipe their native soil.

But when the sun displays his glorious beams,
 And shallow rivers flow with silver streams,
 Then the deceit the scaly breed survey,
 Bask in the sun, and look into the day.
 You now a more delusive art must try,
 And tempt their hunger with the curious fly.

To frame the little animal, provide
 All the gay hues that wait on female pride,
 Let nature guide thee; sometimes golden wire
 The shining bellies of the fly require;
 The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,
 Nor the dear purchase of the fable's tail.
 Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,
 And lends the growing insect proper wings:
 Silks of all colours must their aid impart,
 And ev'ry fur promote the fisher's art.
 So the gay lady, with expensive care,
 Borrows the pride of land, of sea, and air;
 Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glittering thing displays,
 Dazles our eyes, and easie hearts betrays.

Mark well the various seasons of the year,
 How the succeeding insect race appear;
 In this revolving moon one colour reigns,
 Which in the next the fickle trout disdains.

Oft' have I seen a skilful angler try
The various colours of the treach'rous fly;
When he with fruitless pain hath skim'd the brook,
And the coy fish rejects the skipping hook,
He shakes the boughs that on the margin grow,
Which o'er the stream a waving forrest throw;
When if an insect fall, (his certain guide)
He gently takes him from the whirling tide;
Examines well his form with curious eyes,
His gaudy vest, his wings, his horns and size.
Then round his hook the chosen fur he winds,
And on the back a speckled feather binds,
So just the colours shine through ev'ry part,
That nature seems to live again in art.
Let not thy wary step advance too near,
While all thy hope hangs on a single hair;
The new-form'd insect on the water moves,
The speckled trout the curious snare approves;
Upon the curling surface let it glide,
With nat'ral motion from thy hand supply'd,
Against the stream now let it gently play,
Now in the rapid eddy roll away.
The scaly shoals float by, and seis'd with fear
Behold their fellows tost in thinner air;
But soon they leap, and catch the swimming bait,
Plunge on the hook, and share an equal fate.

When a brisk gale against the current blows,
And all the watry plain in wrinkles flows,
Then let the fisherman his art repeat,
Where bubbling eddys favour the deceit.
If an enormous salmon chance to spy
The wanton errors of the floating fly,
He lifts his silver gills above the flood,
And greedily sucks in th' unfaithful food;

Then downward plunges with the fraudulent prey,
And bears with joy the little spoil away.
Soon in smart pain he feels the dire mistake,
Lashes the wave, and beats the foamy lake,
With sudden rage he now aloft appears,
And in his eye convulsive anguish bears;
And now again, impatient of the wound,
He rolls and wreaths his shining body round;
Then headlong shoots beneath the dashing tide,
The trembling fins the boiling wave divide;
Now hope exalts the fisher's beating heart,
Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art;
He views the tumbling fish with longing eyes,
While the line stretches with th' unwieldy prize;
Each motion humours with his steady hands,
And one slight hair the mighty bulk commands;
Till tir'd at last, despoil'd of all his strength,
The game athwart the stream unfolds his length.
He now, with pleasure, views the gasping prize
Gnash his sharp teeth, and roll his blood-shot eyes;
Then draws him to the shore, with artful care,
And lifts his nostrils in the sick'ning air:
Upon the burthen'd stream he floating lies,
Stretches his quivering fins, and gasping dies.
Would you preserve a num'rous finny race?
Let your fierce dogs the rav'nous otter chase;
Th' amphibious monster ranges all the shores,
Darts through the waves, and ev'ry haunt explores:
Or let the gin his roving steps betray,
And save from hostile jaws the scaly prey.

I never wander where the bord'ring reeds
O'erlook the muddy stream, whose tangling weeds
Perplex the fisher; I, nor chuse to bear
The thievish nightly net, nor barbed spear;

Nor drain I ponds the golden carp to take,
Nor trowle for pikes, dispeoplers of the lake.
Around the steel no tortur'd worm shall twine,
No blood of living insect stain my line;
Let me less cruel cast the feather'd hook,
With pliant rod athwart the pebbled brook,
Silent along the mazy margin stray,
And with the fur-wrought fly delude the prey.

C A N T O II.

NOW, sporting muse, draw in the flowing reins,
Leave the clear streams awhile for funny plains.
Should you the various arms and toils rehearse,
And all the fisherman adorn thy verse;
Should you the wide-encircling net display,
And in its spacious arch enclose the sea,
Then haul the plunging load upon the land,
And with the soale and turbet hide the sand;
It would extend the growing theme too long,
And tire the reader with the watery song.

Let the keen hunter from the chase refrain,
Nor render all the plowman's labour vain,
When Ceres pours out plenty from her horn,
And cloaths the fields with golden ears of corn.
Now, now, ye reapers, to your task repair,
Haste, save the product of the bounteous year:
To the wide-gathering hook long furrows yield,
And rising sheaves extend through all the field.

Yet if for silvan sport thy bosom glow,
Let thy fleet greyhound urge his flying foe.
With what delight the rapid course I view!
How does my eye the circling race pursue!

He snaps deceitful air with empty jaws,
The subtle hare darts swift beneath his paws ;
She flies, he stretches, now with nimble bound
Eager he presses on, but overshoots his ground ;
She turns, he winds, and soon regains the way,
Then tears with goary mouth the screaming prey.
What various sport does rural life afford !
What unbought dainties heap the wholesome board !

Nor less the spaniel, skilful to betray,
Rewards the fowler with the feather'd prey.
Soon as the lab'ring horse with swelling veins,
Hath safely hous'd the farmer's doubtful gains,
To sweet repast th' unwary partridge flies,
With joy amid the scatter'd harvest lies ;
Wandering in plenty, danger he forgets,
Nor dreads the slav'ry of entangling nets.
The subtle dog scowrs with sagacious nose
Along the field, and snuffs each breeze that blows,
Against the wind he takes his prudent way,
While the strong gale directs him to the prey ;
Now the warm scent assures the covey near,
He treads with caution, and he points with fear ;
Then (least some sentry fowl the fraud descry,
And bid his fellows from the danger fly)
Close to the ground in expectation lies,
Till in the snare the flutt'ring covey rise.
Soon as the blushing light begins to spread,
And glancing Phoebus gilds the mountain's head,
His early flight th' ill-fated partridge takes,
And quits the friendly shelter of the brakes :
Or when the sun casts a declining ray,
And drives his chariot down the western way,
Let your obsequious ranger search around,
Where yellow stubble withers on the ground :

Nor will the roving spy direct in vain,
But numerous coveys gratifie thy pain.
When the meridian sun contracts the shade,
And frisking heifers seek the cooling glade;
Or when the country floats with sudden rains,
Or driving mists deface the moist'ned plains;
In vain his toils th' unskilful fowler tries,
While in thick woods the feeding partridge lies.
Nor must the sporting verse the gun forbear,
But what's the fowler's be the muse's care.
See how the well-taught pointer leads the way:
The scent grows warm; he stops; he springs the prey;
The flutt'ring coveys from the stubble rise,
And on swift wing divide the sounding skies;
The scatt'ring lead pursues the certain fight,
And death in thunder overtakes their flight.
Cool breathes the morning air, and winter's hand
Spreads wide her hoary mantle o'er the land;
Now to the copse thy lesser spaniel take,
Teach him to range the ditch and force the brake;
Not closest coverts can protect the game:
Hark! the dog opens; take thy certain aim;
The woodcock flutters; how he wav'ring flies!
The wood resounds: he wheels, he drops, he dies.

The tow'ring hawk let future poets sing,
Who terror bears upon his soaring wing:
Let them on high the frightened hern survey,
And lofty numbers paint their airy fray.
Nor shall the mounting lark the muse detain,
That greets the morning with his early strain;
When, midst his song, the twinkling glafs betrays;
While from each angle flash the glancing rays,
And in the sun the transient colours blaze,
Pride lures the little warbler from the skies:
The light-enamour'd bird deluded dies.

But still the chase, a pleasing task, remains ;
The hound must open in these rural strains.
Soon as Aurora drives away the night,
And edges eastern clouds with rose light,
The healthy huntsman, with the chearful horn,
Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled morn ;
The jocund thunder wakes th' enliven'd hounds,
They rouse from sleep, and answer sounds for sounds ;
Wide through the furzy field their route they take,
Their bleeding bosoms force the thorny brake :
The flying game their smoking nostrils trace,
No bounding hedge obstructs their eager pace ;
The distant mountains eccho from afar,
And hanging woods resound the flying war :
The tuneful noise the sprightly courser hears,
Paws the green turf, and pricks his trembling ears ;
The slacken'd rein now gives him all his speed,
Back flies the rapid ground beneath the steed ;
Hills, dales and forests far behind remain,
While the warm scent draws on the deep-mouth'd train.
Where shall the trembling hare a shelter find ?
Hark ! death advances in each gust of wind !
New stratagems and doubling wiles she tries,
Now circling turns, and now at large she flies ;
Till spent at last, she pants, and heaves for breath,
Then lays her down, and waits devouring death.

But stay, advent'rous muse, hast thou the force
To wind the twisted horn, to guide the horse ?
To keep thy seat unmov'd hast thou the skill
O'er the high gate, and down the headlong hill ;
Canst thou the stag's laborious chace direct,
Or the strong fox through all his arts detect ?
The theme demands a more experienc'd lay :
Ye mighty hunters, spare this weak essay.

Oh happy plains, remote from war's alarms,
And all the ravages of hostile arms!
And happy shepherds, who secure from fear,
On open downs preserve your fleecy care!
Whose spacious barns groan with increasing store,
And whirling flails disjoint the cracking floor:
No barb'rous soldier, bent on cruel spoil,
Spreads desolation o'er your fertile soil;
No trampling steed lays waste the ripen'd grain,
Nor crackling fires devour the promis'd gain:
No flaming beacons cast their blaze afar,
The dreadful signal of invasive war;
No trumpet's clangour wounds the mother's ear,
And calls the lover from his swooning fair.

What happiness the rural maid attends,
In chearful labour while each day she spends!
She gratefully receives what heav'n has sent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content:
(Such happiness, and such unblemish'd fame
Ne'er glad the bosom of the courtly dame)
She never feels the spleen's imagin'd pains,
Nor melancholy stagnates in her veins;
She never loses life in thoughtless ease,
Nor on the velvet couch invites disease;
Her home-spun dress in simple neatness lies,
And for no glaring equipage she sighs:
Her reputation, which is all her boast,
In a malicious visit ne'er was lost:
No midnight masquerade her beauty wears,
And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.
If love's soft passion in her bosom reign,
An equal passion warms her happy swain;
No home-bred jars her quiet state controul,
Nor watchful jealousy torments her soul;

With secret joy she fees her little race
 Hang on her breast, and her small cottage grace;
 The fleecy ball their little fingers cull,
 Or from the spindle draw the lengthning wool:
 Thus flow her hours with constant peace of mind,
 Till age the latest thread of life unwind.

Ye happy fields, unknown to noise and strife,
 The kind rewarders of industrious life;
 Ye shady woods, where once I us'd to rove;
 Alike indulgent to the muse and love;
 Ye murm'ring streams that in Maeanders roll,
 The sweet composers of the pensive soul,
 Farewel.—the city calls me from your bow'rs:
 Farewel amusing thoughts and peaceful hours.

THE
FAN.

A
POEM.

BOOK I.

I SING that graceful toy, whose waving play
With gentle gales relieves the sultry day.
Not the wide fan by Persian dames display'd,
Which o'er their beauty casts a grateful shade;
Nor that long known in China's artful land,
Which, while it cools the face, fatigues the hand:
Nor shall the muse in Asian climates rove,
To seek in Indostan some spicy grove,
Where stretch'd at ease the panting lady lies,
To shun the fervour of meridian skies,
While sweating slaves catch ev'ry breeze of air,
And with wide-spreading fans refresh the fair;
No busie gnats her pleasing dreams molest,
Inflame her cheek, or ravage o'er her breast,
But artificial zephyrs round her fly,
And mitigate the feaver of the sky.

Nor shall Bermudas long the muse detain,
Whose fragrant forests bloom in Waller's strain,

Where breathing sweets from ev'ry field ascend,
 And the wild woods with golden apples bend;
 Yet let me in some od'rous shade repose,
 Whilst in my verse the fair Palmetto grows:
 Like the tall pine it shoots its stately head,
 From the broad top depending branches spread;
 No knotty limbs the taper body bears,
 Hung on each bough a single leaf appears,
 Which shrivell'd in its infancy remains,
 Like a clos'd fan, nor stretches wide its veins,
 But as the seasons in their circle run,
 Opes its ribb'd surface to the nearer sun:
 Beneath this shade the weary peasant lies,
 Plucks the broad leaf, and bids the breezes rise.

Stay, wand'ring muse, nor rove in foreign climes,
 To thy own native shore confine thy rhimes.

Assist, ye nine, your loftiest notes employ,
 Say what celestial skill contriv'd the toy;
 Say how this instrument of love began,
 And in immortal strains display the fan.

Strephon had long confess'd his am'rous pain,
 Which gay Corinna railly'd with disdain:
 Sometimes in broken words he sigh'd his care,
 Look'd pale, and trembled when he view'd the fair;
 With bolder freedoms now the youth advanc'd,
 He dress'd, he laugh'd, he sung, he rhim'd, he danc'd:
 Now call'd more pow'rful presents to his aid,
 And, to seduce the mistress, brib'd the maid;
 Smooth flatt'ry in her softer hours apply'd,
 The surest charm to bind the force of pride:
 But still unmov'd remains the scornful dame,
 Insults her captive, and derides his flame.
 When Strephon saw his vows dispers'd in air,
 He sought in solitude to lose his care;

Relief in solitude he sought in vain,
It serv'd, like musick, but to feed his pain.
To Venus now the flighted boy complains,
And calls the goddess in these tender strains.

O potent queen, from Neptune's empire sprung,
Whose glorious birth admiring Nereids sung,
Who 'midst the fragrant plains of Cyprus rove,
Whose radiant presence gilds the Paphian grove,
Where to thy name a thousand altars rise,
And curling clouds of incense hide the skies;
O beauteous goddess, teach me how to move,
Inspire my tongue with eloquence of love.
If lost Adonis e'er thy bosom warm'd,
If e'er his eyes, or godlike figure charm'd,
Think on those hours when first ye felt the dart,
Think on the restless fever of thy heart;
Think how you pin'd in absence of the swain:
By those uneasy minutes know my pain.
Ev'n while Cydippe to Diana bows,
And at her shrine renews her virgin vows,
The lover, taught by thee, her pride o'ercame;
She reads his oaths, and feels an equal flame:
Oh, may my flame, like thine, Acontius, prove,
May Venus dictate, and reward my love.
When crouds of suitors Atalanta try'd,
She wealth, and beauty, wit and fame defy'd;
Each daring lover with advent'rous pace
Pursu'd his wishes in the dang'rous race;
Like the swift hind, the bounding damsel flies,
Strains to the goal, the distanc'd lover dies.
Hippomenes, O Venus, was thy care,
You taught the swain to stay the flying fair,
Thy golden present caught the virgin's eyes,
She stoops; he rushes on, and gains the prize.

Say, Cyprian deity, what gift, what art,
Shall humble into love Corinna's heart,
If only some bright toy can charm her sight,
Teach me what present may suspend her flight.
Thus the desponding youth his flame declares.
The goddess with a nod his passion hears.

Far in Cythera stands a spacious grove,
Sacred to Venus and the god of love;
Here the luxuriant myrtle rears her head,
Like the tall oak the fragrant branches spread;
Here nature all her sweets profusely pours,
And paints th' enamell'd ground with various flow'rs;
Deep in the gloomy glade a grotto bends,
Wide through the craggy rock an arch extends,
The rugged stone is cloath'd with mantling vines,
And round the cave the creeping woodbine twines.

Here busie Cupids, with pernicious art,
Form the stiff bow, and forge the fatal dart;
All share the toil; while some the bellows ply,
Others with feathers teach the shafts to fly:
Some with joint force whirl round the stony wheel,
Where streams the sparkling fire from temper'd steel;
Some point their arrows with the nicest skill,
And with the warlike store their quivers fill.

A different toil another forge employs;
Here the loud hammer fashions female toys,
Hence is the fair with ornament supply'd,
Hence sprung the glitt'ring implements of pride;
Each trinket that adorns the modern dame,
First to these little artists ow'd its frame.
Here an unfinish'd di'mond crosslet lay,
To which soft lovers adoration pay;
There was the polish'd crystal bottle seen,
That with quick scents revives the modish spleen:

Here the yet rude unjoynted snuff-box lyes,
 Which serves the raily'd fop for smart replies ;
 There piles of paper rose in gilded reams,
 The future records of the lover's flames ;
 Here clouded canes 'midst heaps of toys are found,
 And inlaid tweezer-cases strow the ground.
 There stands the Toilette, nursery of charms,
 Compleatly furnish'd with bright beauty's arms ;
 The patch, the powder-box, pulville, perfumes,
 Pins, paint, a flatt'ring glass, and black-lead combs.

The toilsome hours in diff'rent labour slide,
 Some work the file, and some the graver guide ;
 From the loud anvil the quick blow rebounds,
 And their rais'd arms descend in tuneful sounds.
 Thus when Semiramis, in ancient days,
 Bad Babylon her mighty bulwarks raise ;
 A swarm of lab'ers diff'rent tasks attend :
 Here pullies make the pond'rous oak ascend,
 With ecchoing strokes the cragged quarry groans,
 While there the chissel forms the shapeless stones ;
 The weighty mallet deals resounding blows,
 Till the proud battlements her tow'rs enclose.

Now Venus mounts her car, she shakes the reins,
 And steers her turtles to Cythera's plains ;
 Strait to the grott with graceful step she goes,
 Her loose ambrosial hair behind her flows :
 The swelling bellows heave for breath no more,
 All drop their silent hammers on the floor ;
 In deep suspense the mighty labour stands,
 While thus the goddess spoke her mild commands.

Industrious Loves, your present toils forbear,
 A more important task demands your care ;
 Long as the scheme employ'd my thoughtful mind,
 By judgment ripen'd, and by time refin'd.

That glorious bird have ye not often seen
Who draws the car of the celestial queen?
Have ye not oft survey'd his varying dyes,
His tail all gilded o'er with Argus' eyes?
Have ye not seen him in the sunny day
Unfurle his plumes, and all his pride display,
Then suddenly contract his dazzling train,
And with long-trailing feathers sweep the plain?
Learn from this hint, let this instruct your art;
Thin taper sticks must from one center part:
Let these into the quadrant's form divide,
The spreading ribs with snowy paper hide;
Here shall the pencil bid its colours flow,
And make a miniature creation grow.
Let the machine in equal foldings close,
And now its plaited surface wide dispose.
So shall the fair her idle hand employ,
And grace each motion with the restless toy,
With various play bid grateful Zephyrs rise,
While love in ev'ry grateful Zephyr flies.

The master Cupid traces out the lines,
And with judicious hand the draught designs,
Th' expecting Loves with joy the model view,
And the joint labour eagerly pursue.
Some slit their arrows with the nicest art,
And into sticks convert the shiver'd dart;
The breathing bellows wake the sleeping fire,
Blow off the cinders, and the sparks aspire;
Their arrow's point they soften in the flame,
And sounding hammers break its barbed frame:
Of this, the little pin they neatly mold,
From whence their arms the spreading sticks unfold;
In equal plaits they now the paper bend,
And at just distance the wide ribs extend,

Then on the frame they mount the limber skreen,
And finish instantly the new machine.

The goddess pleas'd, the curious work receives,
Remounts her chariot, and the grotto leaves;
With the light fan she moves the yielding air,
And gales, till then unknown, play round the fair.

Unhappy lovers, how will you withstand,
When these new arms shall grace your charmer's hand?
In ancient times, when maids in thought were pure,
When eyes were artless, and the look demure,
When the wide ruff the well-turn'd neck enclos'd,
And heaving breasts within the stays repos'd,
When the close hood conceal'd the modest ear,
E'er black lead combs disown'd the virgin's hair;
Then in the muff unactive fingers lay,
Nor taught the fan in fickle forms to play.

How are the sex improv'd in am'rous arts,
What new-found snares they bait for human hearts!

When kindling war the ravag'd globe ran o'er,
And fatten'd thirsty plains with human gore,
At first, the brandish'd arm the jav'lin threw,
Or sent wing'd arrows from the twanging yew;
In the bright air the dreadful fauchion shone,
Or whistling slings dismiss'd th' uncertain stone.
Now men those less destructive arms despise,
Wide-wastful death from thundring cannon flies,
One hour with more battalions strows the plain,
Than were of yore in weekly battles slain.
So love with fatal airs the nymph supplies,
Her dress disposes, and directs her eyes.
The bosom now its panting beautys shows,
Th' experienc'd eye resistless glances throws;
Now vary'd patches wander o'er the face,
And strike each gazer with a borrow'd grace;

The fickle head-dress sinks and now aspires
A tow'ry front of lace on branching wires.
The curling hair in tortur'd ringlets flows,
Or round the face in labour'd order grows.

How shall I soar, and on unweary wing
Trace varying habits upward to their spring!
What force of thought, what numbers can express,
Th' inconstant equipage of female dress?
How the strait stays the slender waste constrain,
How to adjust the manteau's sweeping train?
What fancy can the petticoat furround,
With the capacious hoop of whalebone bound?
But stay, presumptuous muse, nor boldly dare
The Toilette's sacred mysteries declare;
Let a just distance be to beauty paid;
None here must enter but the trusty maid.
Should you the wardrobe's magazine rehearse,
And glossy manteaus rustle in thy verse;
Should you the rich brocaded suit unfold,
Where rising flow'rs grow stiff with frosted gold,
The dazled muse would from her subject stray,
And in a maze of fashions lose her way.

BOOK II.

OLYMPUS' gates unfold; in heavn's high towers
Appear in council all th' immortal powers;
Great Jove above the rest exalted fate,
And in his mind revolv'd succeeding fate,
His awful eye with ray superiour shone,
The thunder-grasping eagle guards his throne;
On silver clouds the great assembly laid,
The whole creation at one view survey'd.

But see, fair Venus comes in all her state,
The wanton Loves and Graces round her wait;
With her loose robe officious Zephyrs play,
And strow with odoriferous flowers the way,
In her right hand she waves the flutt'ring fan,
And thus in melting sounds her speech began.

Assembled powers, who fickle mortals guide,
Who o'er the sea, the skies and earth preside,
Ye fountains whence all human blessings flow,
Who pour your bounties on the world below;
Bacchus first rais'd and prun'd the climbing vine,
And taught the grape to stream with gen'rous wine;
Industrious Ceres tam'd the savage ground,
And pregnant fields with golden harvest crown'd;
Flora with bloomy sweets enrich'd the year,
And fruitful autumn is Pomona's care.
I first taught woman to subdue mankind,
And all her native charms with dress refin'd:
Celestial Synod, this machine survey,
That shades the face, or bids cool Zephyrs play;
If conscious blushes on her cheek arise,
With this she veils them from her lover's eyes;

No levell'd glance betrays her am'rous heart,
 From the fan's ambush she directs the dart.
 The royal scepter shines in Juno's hand,
 And twisted thunder speaks great Jove's command;
 On Pallas' arm the Gorgon shield appears,
 And Neptune's mighty grasp the trident bears;
 Ceres is with the bending sickle seen,
 And the strung bow points out the Cynthian Queen;
 Henceforth the waving fan my hand shall grace,
 The waving fan supply the scepter's place.
 Who shall, ye powers, the forming pencil hold?
 What story shall the wide machine unfold?
 Let Loves and Graces lead the dance around,
 With myrtle wreaths and flow'ry chaplets crown'd;
 Let Cupid's arrows strow the smiling plains
 With unresisting nymphs, and am'rous swains:
 May glowing picture o'er the surface shine,
 To melt slow virgins with the warm design.

Diana rose; with silver crescent crown'd,
 And fix'd her modest eyes upon the ground;
 Then with becoming mien she rais'd her head,
 And thus with graceful voice the virgin said.

Has woman then forgot all former wiles,
 The watchful ogle, and delusive smiles?
 Does man against her charms too pow'rful prove,
 Or are the sex grown novices in love?
 Why then these arms? or why should artful eyes,
 From this slight ambush, conquer by surprize?
 No guilty thought the spotless virgin knows,
 And o'er her cheek no conscious crimson glows;
 Since blushes then from shame alone arise,
 Why should we veil them from her lover's eyes?
 Let Cupid rather give up his command,
 And trust his arrows in a female hand.

Have not the gods already cherish'd pride,
And woman with destructive arms supply'd?
Neptune on her bestows his choicest stores,
For her the chambers of the deep explores;
The gaping shell its pearly charge resigns,
And round her neck the lucid bracelet twines:
Plutus for her bids earth its wealth unfold,
Where the warm oar is ripen'd into gold;
Or where the ruby reddens in the soil,
Where the green emerald pays the searcher's toil.
Does not the di'mond sparkle in her ear,
Glow on her hand, and tremble in her hair?
From the gay nymph the glancing lustre flies,
And imitates the lightning of her eyes.
But yet if Venus' wishes must succeed,
And this fantastick engine be decreed,
May some chaste story from the pencil flow,
To speak the virgin's joy, and Hymen's woe.

Here let the wretched Ariadne stand,
Seduc'd by Theseus to some desert land,
Her locks dishevell'd waving in the wind,
The crystal tears confess her tortur'd mind;
The perjur'd youth unfurles his treach'rous sails,
And their white bosoms catch the swelling gales.
Be still, ye winds, she cries, stay, Theseus, stay;
But faithless Theseus hears no more than they.
All desp'rate, to some craggy cliff she flies,
And spreads a well-known signal in the skies;
His less'ning vessel plows the foamy main,
She sighs, she calls, she waves the sign in vain.

Paint Dido there amidst her last distress,
Pale cheeks and blood-shot eyes her grief express:
Deep in her breast the reeking sword is drown'd,
And gushing blood streams purple from the wound;

Her sister Anna hov'ring o'er her stands,
 Accuses heav'n with lifted eyes and hands,
 Upbraids the Trojan with repeated cries,
 And mixes curses with her broken sighs.
 View this, ye maids; and then each swain believe;
 They're Trojans all, and vow but to deceive.

Here draw Oenone in the lonely grove,
 Where Paris first betray'd her into love;
 Let wither'd garlands hang on ev'ry bough,
 Which the false youth wove for Oenone's brow,
 The garlands lose their sweets, their pride is shed,
 And like their odours all his vows are fled;
 On her fair arm her pensive head she lays,
 And Xanthus' waves with mournful look surveys;
 That flood which witness'd his inconstant flame,
 When thus he swore, and won the yielding dame:
 "These streams shall sooner to their fountain move,
 "Than I forget my dear Oenone's love."
 Roll back, ye streams, back to your fountain run,
 Paris is false, Oenone is undone.

Ah wretched maid! think how the moments flew,
 E'er you the pangs of this curs'd passion knew,
 When groves could please, and when you lov'd the
 Without the presence of your perjur'd swain. [plain,

Thus may the nymph, whene'er she spreads the fan,
 In his true colours view perfidious man,
 Pleas'd with her virgin state in forests rove,
 And never trust the dang'rous hopes of love.

The goddess ended. merry Momus rose,
 With smiles and grins he waggish glances throws,
 Then with a noisie laugh forestalls his joke,
 Mirth flashes from his eyes while thus he spoke.

Rather let heav'nly deeds be painted there,
 by your own examples teach the fair.

Let chaste Diana on the piece be seen,
And the bright crescent own the Cynthian queen;
On Latmos' top see young Endymion lies,
Feign'd sleep hath clos'd the bloomy lover's eyes,
See, to his soft embraces how she steals,
And on his lips her warm caresses seals;
No more her hand the glitt'ring jav'lin holds,
But round his neck her eager arms she folds.
Why are our secrets by our blushes shown?
Virgins are virgins still---while 'tis unknown.
Here let her on some flow'ry bank be laid,
Where meeting beeches weave a grateful shade,
Her naked bosom wanton tresses grace,
And glowing expectation paints her face,
O'er her fair limbs a thin loose veil is spread,
Stand off, ye shepherds; fear Actaeon's head;
Let vig'rous Pan th' unguarded minute seize,
And in a shaggy goat the virgin please.
Why are our secrets by our blushes shown?
Virgins are virgins still----while 'tis unknown.

There with just warmth Aurora's passion trace,
Let spreading crimson stain her virgin face;
See Cephalus her wanton airs despise,
While she provokes him with desiring eyes;
To raise his passion she displays her charms,
His modest hand upon her bosom warms;
Nor looks, nor pray'rs, nor force his heart persuade,
But with disdain he quits the rosie maid.

Here let dissolving Leda grace the toy,
Warm cheeks and heaving breasts reveal her joy;
Beneath the pressing swan she pants for air,
While with his flutt'ring wings he fans the fair,
There let all-conqu'ring gold exert its pow'r,
And soften Danae in a glitt'ring show'r,

Would you warn beauty not to cherish pride,
Nor vainly in the treach'rous bloom confide,
On the machine the sage Minerva place,
With lineaments of wisdom mark her face;
See, where she lies near some transparent flood,
And with her pipe cheers the resounding wood:
Her image in the floating glass she spies,
Her bloated cheeks, worn lips, and shrivell'd eyes;
She breaks the guiltless pipe, and with disdain
Its shatter'd ruins flings upon the plain.
With the loud reed no more her cheek shall swell,
What, spoil her face! no. Warbling strains farewell.
Shall arts, shall sciences employ the fair?
Those trifles are beneath Minerva's care.

From Venus let her learn the married life,
And all the virtuous duties of a wife.
Here on a couch extend the Cyprian dame,
Let her eye sparkle with the growing flame;
The god of war within her clinging arms,
Sinks on her lips, and kindles all her charms.
Paint limping Vulcan with a husband's care,
And let his brow the cuckold's honours wear;
Beneath the net the captive lovers place,
Their limbs entangled in a close embrace.
Let these amours adorn the new machine,
And female nature on the piece be seen;
So shall the fair, as long as fans shall last,
Learn from your bright examples to be chaste.

BOOK III.

THUS Momus spoke. When sage Minerva rose,
 From her sweet lips smooth elocution flows,
 Her skillful hand an iv'ry pallat grac'd,
 Where shining colours were in order plac'd.
 As gods are blest'd with a superiour skill,
 And, swift as mortal thought, perform their will,
 Strait she proposes, by her art divine,
 To bid the paint exprefs her great design.
 Th' assembled pow'rs consent. she now began,
 And her creating pencil stain'd the fan.

O'er the fair field, trees spread, and rivers flow,
 Tow'rs rear their heads, and distant mountains grow;
 Life seems to move within the glowing veins,
 And in each face some lively passion reigns.
 Thus have I seen woods, hills, and dales appear,
 Flocks graze the plains, birds wing the silent air
 In darken'd rooms, where light can only pass
 Through the small circle of a convex glass;
 On the white sheet the moving figures rise,
 The forest waves, clouds float along the skies.

She various fables on the piece design'd,
 That spoke the follies of the female kind.

The fate of pride in Niobe she drew:
 Be wise, ye nymphs, that scornful vice subdue.
 In a wide plain th' imperious mother stood,
 Whose distant bounds rose in a winding wood;
 Upon her shoulder flows her mantling hair,
 Pride marks her brow, and elevates her air;
 A purple robe behind her sweeps the ground,
 Whose spacious border golden flow'rs surround:

She made Latona's altars cease to flame,
And of due honours robb'd her sacred name,
To her own charms she bad fresh incense rise,
And adoration own her brighter eyes.
Sev'n daughters from her fruitful loyns were born,
Sev'n graceful sons her nuptial bed adorn,
Who, for a mother's arrogant disdain,
Were by Latona's double offspring slain.
Here Phoebus his unerring arrow drew,
And from his rising steed her first-born threw,
His op'ning fingers drop the slacken'd rein,
And the pale corse falls headlong to the plain.
Beneath her pencil here two wrestlers bend,
See, to the grasp their swelling nerves distend,
Diana's arrow joins them face to face,
And death unites them in a strict embrace.
Another here flies trembling o'er the plain;
When heaven pursues we shun the stroke in vain.
This lifts his supplicating hands and eyes,
And 'midst his humble adoration dies.
As from his thigh this tears the barbed dart,
A surer weapon strikes this throbbing heart:
While that to raise his wounded brother tries,
Death blasts his bloom, and locks his frozen eyes.
The tender sisters bath'd in grief appear,
With sable garments and dishevell'd hair,
And o'er their gasping brothers weeping stood;
Some with their tresses stopp'd the gushing blood,
They strive to stay the fleeting life too late,
And in the pious action share their fate.
Now the proud dame o'ercome by trembling fear,
With her wide robe protects her only care;
To save her only care in vain she tries,
Close at her feet the latest victim dies.

Down her fair cheek the trickling sorrow flows,
Like dewy spangles on the blushing rose,
Fixt in astonishment she weeping stood,
The plain all purple with her children's blood;
She stiffens with her woes: no more her hair
In easie ringlets wantons in the air;
Motion forsakes her eyes, her veins are dry'd,
And beat no longer with the sanguine tide;
All life is fled, firm marble now she grows,
Which still in tears the mother's anguish shows.

Ye haughty fair, your painted fans display,
And the just fate of lofty pride survey;
Though lovers oft extoll your beauty's power,
And in celestial families adore,
Though from your features Cupid borrows arms,
And goddesses confess inferior charms,
Do not, vain maid, the flatt'ring tale beleive,
Alike thy lovers and thy glass deceive.

Here lively colours Procris' passion tell,
Who to her jealous fears a victim fell.
Here kneels the trembling hunter o'er his wife,
Who rolls her sick'ning eyes, and gasps for life;
Her drooping head upon her shoulder lies,
And purple gore her snowy bosom dies.
What guilt, what horror on his face appears!
See, his red eye-lid seems to swell with tears,
With agony his wringing hands he strains,
And strong convulsions stretch his branching veins.

Learn hence, ye wives; bid vain suspicion cease,
Lose not in fullen discontent your peace.
For when fierce love to jealousy ferments,
A thousand doubts and fears the soul invents,
No more the days in pleasing converse flow,
And nights no more their soft endearments know.

There on the piece the Volscian Queen expir'd,
 The love of spoils her female bosom fir'd ;
 Gay Chloreus' arms attract her longing eyes,
 And for the painted plume and helm she sighs ;
 Fearless she follows, bent on gaudy prey,
 Till an ill-fated dart obstructs her way ;
 Down drops the martial maid ; the bloody ground,
 Floats with a torrent from the purple wound.
 The mournful nymphs her drooping head sustain,
 And try to stop the gushing life in vain.

Thus the raw maid some tawdry coat surveys,
 Where the fop's fancy in imbroidry plays ;
 His snowy feather edg'd with crimson dyes,
 And his bright sword-knot lure her wand'ring eyes ;
 Fring'd gloves and gold brocade conspire to move,
 Till the nymph falls a sacrifice to love.

Here young Narcissus o'er the fountain stood,
 And view'd his image in the crystal flood ;
 The crystal flood reflects his lovely charms,
 And the pleas'd image strives to meet his arms.
 No nymph his unexperienc'd breast subdu'd,
 Echo in vain the flying boy pursu'd,
 Himself alone the foolish youth admires,
 And with fond look the smiling shade desires :
 O'er the smooth lake with fruitless tears he grieves,
 His spreading fingers shoot in verdant leaves,
 Through his pale veins green sap now gently flows,
 And in a short-liv'd flow'r his beauty blows.

Let vain Narcissus warn each female breast,
 That beauty's but a transient good at best.
 Like flow'rs it withers with th' advancing year,
 And age like winter robs the blooming fair.

Oh Araminta, cease thy wonted pride,
 Or longer in thy faithless charms confide ;

Ev'n while the glass reflects thy sparkling eyes,
Their lustre and thy rosie colour flies!

Thus on the fan the breathing figures shine,
And all the powers applaud the wise design.

The Cyprian Queen the painted gift receives,
And with a grateful bow the synod leaves.

To the low world she bends her steepy way
Where Strephon pass'd the solitary day;

She found him in a melancholy grove,
His down-cast eyes betray'd desponding love,

The wounded bark confess'd his slighted flame,
And ev'ry tree bore false Corinna's name;

In a cool shade he lay with folded arms,
Curses his fortune, and upbraids her charms,

When Venus to his wond'ring eyes appears,
And with these words relieves his am'rous cares.

Rise, happy youth, this bright machine survey,
Whose ratt'ling sticks my busie fingers sway,

This present shall thy cruel charmer move,
And in her fickle bosom kindle love.

The fan shall flutter in all female hands,
And various fashions learn from various lands.

For this, shall elephants their ivory shed;
And polish'd sticks the waving engine spread:

His clouded mail the tortoise shall resign,
And round the rivet pearly circles shine.

On this shall Indians all their art employ,
And with bright colours stain the gaudy toy;

Their paint shall here in wildest fancies flow,
Their dress, their customs, their religion show,

So shall the British fair their minds improve,
And on the fan to distant climates rove.

Here China's ladies shall their pride display,
And silver figures gild their loose array;

This boasts her little feet and winking eyes;
 That tunes the fife, or tinkling cymbal plies:
 Here cross-leg'd nobles in rich state shall dine,
 There in bright mail distorted heroes shine.
 The peeping fan in modern times shall rise,
 Through which unseen the female ogle flies;
 This shall in temples the fly maid conceal,
 And shelter love beneath devotion's veil.
 Gay France shall make the fan her artist's care,
 And with the costly trinket arm the fair.
 As learned orators that touch the heart,
 With various action raise their soothing art,
 Both head and hand affect the list'ning throng,
 And humour each expression of the tongue.
 So shall each passion by the fan be seen,
 From noisie anger to the sullen spleen.

While Venus spoke, joy shone in Strephon's eyes,
 Proud of the gift, he to Corinna flies.
 But Cupid (who delights in am'rous ill,
 Wounds hearts, and leaves them to a woman's will)
 With certain aim a golden arrow drew,
 Which to Leander's panting bosom flew:
 Leander lov'd; and to the sprightly dame
 In gentle sighs reveal'd his growing flame;
 Sweet smiles Corinna to his sighs returns,
 And for the sop in equal passion burns.

Lo Strephon comes! and with a suppliant bow,
 Offers the present, and renews his vow.

When she the fate of Niobe beheld,
 Why has my pride against my heart rebell'd?
 She sighing cry'd: disdain forsook her breast,
 And Strephon now was thought a worthy guest.

In Procris' bosom when she saw the dart;
 She justly blames her own suspicious heart,

Imputes her discontent to jealous fear,
And knows her Strephon's constancy sincere.

When on Camilla's fate her eye she turns,
No more for show and equipage she burns;
She learns Leander's passion to despise,
And looks on merit with discerning eyes.

Narcissus' change to the vain virgin shows
Who trusts to beauty, trusts the fading rose.
Youth flies apace, with youth your beauty flies,
Love then, ye virgins, e'er the blossom dies.

Thus Pallas taught her. Strephon weds the dame,
And Hymen's torch diffus'd the brightest flame.

In vain her glances to passion's fire,
 And knows her glances to passion's fire,
 When on the altar of love she lies,
 To more for flow and edging the dunes;
 She knows the secret passion to delight,
 And looks on mine with dizzying eyes.
 No more shall I be the vain virgin shows,
 No more shall I be the fading rose,
 No more shall I be the youth your beauty dies,
 Love that we breathe, for the bottom dies.
 Thus Father and Son, the Father and the Son,
 And Hyacinth's love, the love of the bright sun.

THE
SHEPHERD'S WEEK.
IN
SIX PASTORALS.

—————*Libeat mihi sordida rura,
Atque humiles habitare casas.*—————

VIRG.

THE
SHEPHERD'S WEEK.
IN
SIX PASTORALS.

— Libet mihi fordidis turpibus
— etque humilis habitare coarctatus. —
Vico.

THE
P R O E M E

TO THE COURTEOUS

R E A D E R.

GREAT marvel hath it been, (and that not unworthily to diverse worthy wits, that in this our Island of Britain, in all rare sciences so greatly abounding, more especially in all kinds of Poesie highly flourishing, no Poet (though otherways of notable cunning in roundelays) hath hit on the right simple Eclogue after the true ancient guise of Theocritus, before this mine attempt.

Other Poet travailing in this plain high-way of Pastoral know I none. Yet, certes, such it behoveth a Pastoral to be, as nature in the country affordeth; and the manners also meetly copied from the rustical folk therein. In this also my love to my native country Britain much pricketh me forward, to describe aright the manners of our own honest and laborious plough-men, in no wise sure more unworthy a British Poet's imitation, than those of Sicily or Arcadie; albeit, not ignorant I am, what a rout and rabblement of critical gallimawfry hath been made of late days by certain young men of insipid delicacy, concerning, I wist not what, Golden Age, and other outrageous conceits, to which they would confine Pastoral. whereof, I avow, I account nought at all, knowing no age so

justly to be instiled Golden, as this of our Sovereign Lady Queen ANNE.

This idle trumpery (only fit for schools and school-boys) unto that ancient Dorick Shepherd Theocritus, or his mates, was never known; he rightly, throughout his fifth Idyll, maketh his louts give foul language, and behold their goats at rut in all simplicity.

*Ὠπόλος ὄκκ' ἐσορῇ τὰς μηκάδας οἷα βατεῦντι,
Τακεται ὀφθαλμῶς ὅτι ἔτράγος αὐτός ἐγεντο.*

Theoc.

Verily, as little pleasance receiveth a true homebred tast, from all the fine finical new-fangled fooleries of this gay Gothic garniture, wherewith they so nicely bedeck their court clowns, or clown courtiers, (for, which to call them rightly, I wot not) as would a prudent citizen journeying to his country farms, should he find them occupied by people of this motely make, instead of plain downright hearty cleanly folk, such as be now tenants to the burgessees of this realme.

Furthermore, it is my purpose, gentle reader, to set before thee, as it were a picture, or rather lively landscape of thy own country, just as thou mightest see it, didst thou take a walk into the fields at the proper season: even as maister Milton hath elegantly set forth the same.

As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the aire,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight;
The smell of grain or tedded grafs or kine
Or dairie, each rural sight, each rural sound.

Thou wilt not find my shepherdesse idly piping on
oaten reeds, but milking the kine, tying up the sheaves,
or if the hogs are astray driving them to their styes.
My shepherd gathereth none other nosegays but what
are the growth of our own fields, he sleepeth not under
myrtle shades, but under a hedge, nor doth he vigilant-
ly defend his flocks from wolves, because there are
none, as maister Spencer well observeth.

Well is known that since the Saxon King
Never was wolf seen, many or some
Nor in all Kent nor in christendom.

For as much, as I have mentioned maister Spencer,
soothly I must acknowledge him a bard of sweetest
memorial. yet hath his shepherd's boy at some times
raised his rustick reed to rhimes more rumbling than
rural. Diverse grave points also hath he handled of
churchly matter and doubts in religion daily arising,
to great clerks only appertaining. What liketh me
best are his names, indeed right simple and meet for the
country, such as Lobbin, Cuddy, Hobbinol, Diggon,
and others, some of which I have made bold to borrow.
Moreover, as he called his Eclogues, the Shepherd's
Calendar, and divided the same into the twelve months,
I have chosen (peradventure not overrashly) to name
mine by the days of the week, omitting Sunday or the
Sabbath, ours being supposed to be christian shep-
herds, and to be then at church worship. Yet further of
many of maister Spencer's Eclogues it may be observ-
ed; though months they be called, of the said months
therein, nothing is specified; wherein I have also
esteemed him worthy mine imitation.

That principally, courteous reader, whereof I

would have thee to be advertised, (seeing I depart from the vulgar usage) is touching the language of my shepherds; which is, soothly to say, such as is neither spoken by the country maiden or the courtly dame; nay, not only such as in the present times is not uttered, but was never uttered in times past; and, if I judge aright, will never be uttered in times future. it having too much of the country to be fit for the court, too much of the court to be fit for the country; too much of the language of old times to be fit for the present, too much of the present to have been fit for the old, and too much of both to be fit for any time to come. Granted also it is, that in this my language, I seem unto myself, as a London mason, who calculateth his work for a term of years, when he buildeth with old materials upon a ground-rent that is not his own, which soon turneth to rubbish and ruins. For this point, no reason can I alledge, only deep learned ensamples having led me thereunto.

But here again, much comfort ariseth in me, from the hopes, in that I conceive, when these words in the course of transitory things shall decay, it may so hap, in meet time that some lover of Simplicity shall arise, who shall have the hardiness to render these mine eclogues into such more modern dialect as shall be then understood, to which end, glosses and explications of uncouth pastoral terms are annexed.

Gentle reader, turn over the leaf, and entertain thyself with the prospect of thine own country, limned by the painful hand of

thy Loving Countryman,

JOHN GAY.

PROLOGUE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE
LORD VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE,

LO, I who erst beneath a tree
Sung Bumkinet and Bowzybee,
And Blouzelind and Marian bright,
In apron blew or apron white,
Now write my sonnets in a book,
For my good lord of Bolingbroke.

As lads and lasses stood around
To hear my boxen haut-boy sound,
Our Clerk came posting o'er the green
With doleful tidings of the Queen;
That Queen, he said, to whom we owe
"Sweet peace that maketh riches flow;"
That Queen who eas'd our tax of late,
Was dead, alas!----and lay in state.

At this, in tears was Cic'ly seen,
Buxoma tore her pinnars clean,
In doleful dumps stood ev'ry clown,
The parson rent his band and gown.

For me, when as I heard that death
Had snatch'd Queen ANNE to Elizabeth,
I broke my reed, and fighting swore
I'd weep for Blouzelind no more.

While thus we stood as in a stound,
And wet with tears, like dew, the ground,
Full soon by bonfire and by bell
We learnt our liege was passing well.
A skilful leach (so God him speed)
They said had wrought this blessed deed,

This leach Arbuthnot was yclept,
Who many a night not once had slept;
But watch'd our gracious sov'raign still:
For who could rest when she was ill?
Oh, mayst thou henceforth sweetly sleep!
Sheer, swains, oh sheer your softest sheep
To swell his couch; for well I ween,
He sav'd the realm who sav'd the Queen.

Quoth I, please God, I'll hie with glee
To court, this Arbuthnot to see.
I sold my sheep and lambkins too,
For silver loops and garment blue:
My boxen haut-boy sweet of sound,
For lace that edg'd mine hat around;
For Lightfoot and my scrip I got
A gorgeous sword, and eke a knot.

So forth I far'd to court with speed,
Of soldier's drum withouten dread;
For peace allays the shepherd's fear
Of wearing cap of granadier.

There saw I ladies all a-row
Before their Queen in seemly show.
No more I'll sing Buxoma brown,
Like goldfinch in her Sunday gown;
Nor Clumfilis, nor Marian bright,
Nor damsel that Hobnelia hight.
But Lansdown fresh as flow'r of May,
And Berkely lady blithe and gay,
And Anglesey whose speech exceeds
The voice of pipe, or oaten reeds;
And blooming Hyde, with eyes so rare,
And Montague beyond compare.
Such ladies fair would I depaint
In roundelay or sonnet quaint.

There many a worthy wight I've seen
In ribbon blew and ribbon green.
As Oxford, who a wand doth bear,
Like Moses, in our bibles fair;
Who for our traffick forms designs,
And gives to Britain Indian mines.
Now, shepherds, clip your fleecy care,
Ye maids, your spinning wheels prepare,
Ye weavers, all your shuttles throw,
And bid broad-cloths and ferges grow,
For trading free shall thrive again,
Nor leasings leud affright the swain.

There saw I St. John, sweet of mien,
Full stedfast both to church and Queen.
With whose fair name I'll deck my strain,
St. John, right courteous to the swain;

For thus he told me on a day,
Trim are thy sonnets, gentle Gay,
And certes, mirth it were to see
Thy joyous madrigals twice three,
With preface meet, and notes profound,
Imprinted fair, and well y-bound.
All suddenly then home I sped,
And did ev'n as my lord had said.

Lo here, thou hast mine eclogues fair,
But let not these detain thine ear.
Let not th' affairs of states and kings
Wait, while our Bowzybeus sings.
Rather than verse of simple swain
Should stay the trade of France or Spain,
Or for the plaint of parson's maid,
Yon' emp'ror's packets be delay'd;
In sooth, I swear by holy Paul,
I'd burn book, preface, notes and all.

M O N D A Y;

OR, THE

S Q U A B B L E.

LOBBIN CLOUT, CUDDY, CLODDIPOLE.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

THY younglings, Cuddy, are but just awake,
No thrustles shrill the bramble-bush forsake,
No chirping lark the welkin sheen invokes,
No damsel yet the swelling udder strokes;
O'er yonder hill does scant the dawn appear,
Then why does Cuddy leave his cott so rear?

CUDDY.

Ah Lobbin Clout! I ween, my plight is guest,
"For he that loves, a stranger is to rest;"
If swains belye not, thou hast prov'd the smart,
And Blouzelinda's mistress of thy heart.
This rising rear betokeneth well thy mind,
Those arms are folded for thy Blouzelind.
And well, I trow, our piteous plights agree,
Thee Blouzelinda smites, Buxoma me.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Ah Blouzelind! I love thee more by half,
Than does their fawns, or cows the new-fall'n calf:
Woe worth the tongue! may blisters fore it gall,
That names Buxoma, Blouzelind withal.

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Like Moses, in our bibles fair;
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Line

3. Welkin the same as Welken, an old Saxon word signifying a cloud; by poetical licence it is frequently taken for the element or sky, as may appear by this verse in the dream of Chaucer.

Ne in all the welkin was no cloud.

Sheen or shine, an old word for shinning or bright.

5. Scant, used in the ancient British authors for scarce.

6. Rear, an expression in several counties of England, for early in the morning.

7. To ween, derived from the Saxon, to think or conceive.

5. 2
 < II >
 2. 8 .52.
 5. 2 .25.
 < II >
 2. 8 .52.

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Than does their fawns, or cows the new-fall'n calf :
Woe worth the tongue ! may blisters fore it gall,
That names Buxoma, Blouzelind withal.

CUDDY.

Hold, witless Lobbin Clout, I thee advise,
Lest blisters fore on thy own tongue arise.
Lo yonder Cloddipole, the blithsome fwain, 20
The wisest lout of all the neighbouring plain !
From Cloddipole we learnt to read the skies,
To know when hail will fall, or winds arise.
He taught us erst the hiefers tail to view,
When stuck aloft, that show'rs would strait ensue ;
He first that useful secret did explain,
That pricking corns foretold the gath'ring rain.
When swallows fleet soar high and sport in air,
He told us that the welkin would be clear. 30
Let Cloddipole then hear us twain rehearse,
And praise his sweetheart in alternate verse.
I'll wager this same oaken staff with thee,
That Cloddipole shall give the prize to me.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

See this tobacco-pouch that's lin'd with hair,
Made of the skin of sleekest fallow deer.
This pouch, that's ty'd with tape of reddest hue,
I'll wager, that the prize shall be my due.

CUDDY.

Begin thy carrols then, thou vaunting flouch,
Be thine the oaken staff, or mine the pouch. 40

25. erst, a contraction of ere this, it signifies some time ago or formerly.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

My Blouzelinda is the blithest lass,
 Than primrose sweeter, or the clover-grass.
 Fair is the king-cup that in meadow blows,
 Fair is the daisie that beside her grows,
 Fair is the gillyflow'r, of gardens sweet,
 Fair is the mary-gold, for pottage meet.
 But Blouzelind's than gillyflow'r more fair,
 Than daisie, mary-gold, or king-cup rare.

CUDDY.

My brown Buxoma is the featest maid,
 That e'er at wake delightfome gambol play'd.
 Clean as young lambkins or the goose's down, 50
 And like the goldfinch in her Sunday gown.
 The witlefs lamb may sport upon the plain,
 The frisking kid delight the gaping swain,
 The wanton calf may skip with many a bound,
 And my cur Tray play deffest feats around:
 But neither lamb nor kid, nor calf nor Tray,
 Dance like Buxoma on the first of May.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Sweet is my toil when Blouzelind is near,
 Of her bereft 'tis winter all the year. 60
 With her no sultry summer's heat I know;
 In winter, when she's nigh, with love I glow.
 Come Blouzelinda, ease thy swains desire,
 My summer's shadow and my winter's fire!

CUDDY.

As with Buxoma once I work'd at hay,
 Ev'n noon-tide labour seem'd an holiday;
 And holidays, if haply she were gone,
 Like worky-days I wish'd would soon be done.

Eftsoons, O sweet-heart kind, my love repay,
And all the year shall then be holiday. 70

LOBBIN CLOUT.

As Blouzelinda in a gamesome mood,
Behind a haycock loudly laughing stood,
I flily ran, and snatch'd a hasty kifs,
She wip'd her lips, nor took it much amifs.
Believe me, Cuddy, while I'm bold to fay,
Her breath was fwetter than the ripen'd hay.

CUDDY.

As my Buxoma in a morning fair,
With gentle finger ftroak'd her milky care,
I queintly ftole a kifs; at firft 'tis true
She frown'd, yet after granted one or two. 80
Lobbin, I fwear, believe who will my vows,
Her breath by far excell'd the breathing cows.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Leek to the Welch, to Dutchmen butter's dear,
Of Irish fwains potatoe is the chear;

69. Eftsoons from eft an ancient British word fignifying
foon. fo that eftsoons is a doubling of the word foon,
which is, as it were, to fay twice foon, or very foon.

79 Queint has various fignifications in the ancient English
authors. I have ufed it in this place in the fame fense as
Chaucer hath done in his Miller's Tale. As Clerks been
full fubtle and queint, (by which he means arch or wag-
gish) and not in that obfcene fense wherein he ufeth it in
the line immediately following.

83. *Populus Alcidae gratiffima, vitis Iaccho,
Formosae Myrtus Veneri, sua Laurea Phoebus.
Phillis amat Corylos. illas dum Phillis amabit,
Nec Myrtus vincet Corylos nec Laurea Phoebi, &c.*

Virg.

Oats for their feasts, the Scottish shepherds grind,
 Sweet turnips are the food of Blouzelind.
 While she loves turnips, butter I'll despise,
 Nor leeks nor oatmeal nor potatoe prize.

C U D D Y.

In good roast-beef my landlord sticks his knife,
 The capon fat delights his dainty wife,
 Pudding our parson eats, the squire loves hare, 90
 But white-pot thick is my Buxoma's fare.
 While she loves white-pot, capon ne'er shall be,
 Nor hare, nor beef, nor pudding, food for me.

L O B B I N C L O U T.

As once I play'd at Blindman's-buff, it hapt
 About my eyes the towel thick was wrapt.
 I miss'd the swains, and seiz'd on Blouzelind;
 True speaks that ancient proverb, Love is Blind.

C U D D Y.

As at Hot-Cockles once I laid me down,
 And felt the weighty hand of many a clown; 100
 Buxoma gave a gentle tap, and I
 Quick rose, and read soft mischief in her eye.

L O B B I N C L O U T.

On two near elms, the slacken'd cord I hung,
 Now high, now low my Blouzelinda swung.
 With the rude wind her rumpled garment rose,
 And show'd her taper leg, and scarlet hose.

C U D D Y.

Across the fallen oak the plank I laid,
 And my self pois'd against the tott'ring maid,
 High leapt the plank; adown Buxoma fell;
 I spy'd—but faithful sweethearts never tell. 110

L O B B I N C L O U T.

This riddle, Cuddy, if thou canst, explain,
 This wily riddle puzzles ev'ry swain.

“† What flower is that which bears the Virgin’s name,
 “The richest metal joined with the same?”

CUDDY.

Answer, thou carle, and judge this riddle right,
 I’ll frankly own thee for a cunning wight.

“* What flower is that which royal honour craves,
 “Adjoin the Virgin, and ’tis strown on graves.

CLODDIPOLE.

Forbear, contending louts, give o’er your strains,
 An oaken staff each merits for his pains. 120
 But see the sun-beams bright to labour warn,
 And gild the thatch of goodman Hodges’ barn.
 Your herds for want of water stand adry,
 They’re weary of your songs—and so am I.

† Marygold. * Rosemary.

117. *Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina regum**Nascantur flores.*

Virg.

120. *Et vitula tu dignus et hic.*

Idem.

T U E S D A Y;

O R, T H E

D I T T Y.

M A R I A N.

YOUNG Colin Clout, a lad of peerless meed,
Full well could dance, and deftly tune the reed;
In ev'ry wood his carrols sweet were known,
At ev'ry wake his nimble feats were shown.
When in the ring the rustick routs he threw,
The damsels pleasures with his conquests grew;
Or when assant the cudgel threatens his head,
His danger smites the breast of ev'ry maid,
But chief of Marian. Marian lov'd the swain,
The parson's maid, and neatest of the plain. 10
Marian that soft could stroke the udder'd cow,
Or lessen with her sieve the barley mow;
Marbled with sage the hard'ning cheese she press'd,
And yellow butter Marian's skill confess'd;
But Marian now devoid of country cares,
Nor yellow butter nor sage cheese prepares.
For yearning love the witless maid employs,
And Love, say swains, "all busie heed destroys."
Colin makes mock at all her piteous smart,
A lass that Cic'ly hight, had won his heart, 20
Cic'ly the western lass that tends the kee,
The rival of the parson's maid was she.

In dreary shade now Marian lyes along,
And mixt with sighs thus wails in plaining song.

Ah woful day ! ah woful noon and morn !
When first by thee my younglings white were shorn,
Then first, I ween, I cast a lover's eye,
My sheep were silly, but more silly I.
Beneath the shears they felt no lasting smart,
They lost but fleeces while I lost a heart. 30

Ah Colin ! canst thou leave thy sweetheart true !
What I have done for thee will Cic'ly do ?
Will she thy linnen wash or hosen darn,
And knit thee gloves made of her own-spun yarn ?
Will she with hufwife's hand provide thy meat,
And ev'ry Sunday morn thy neckcloth plait ?
Which o'er thy kersey doublet spreading wide,
In service-time drew Cic'ly's eyes aside.

Where-e'er I gad I cannot hide my care,
My new disasters in my look appear.
White as the curd my ruddy cheek is grown, 40
So thin my features that I'm hardly known ;
Our neighbours tell me oft in joking talk
Of ashes, leather, oatmeal, bran and chalk ;
Unwittingly of Marian they divine,
And wist not that with thoughtful love I pine.
Yet Colin Clout, untoward shepherd swain,
Walks whistling blithe, while pitiful I plain.

Whilom with thee 'twas Marian's dear delight
To moil all day, and merry-make at night. 50
If in the foil you guide the crooked share,
Your early breakfast is my constant care.
And when with even hand you strow the grain,
I fright the thievish rooks from off the plain.
In misling days when I my thresher heard,
With nappy beer I to the barn repair'd ;

Lost in the musick of the whirling flail,
 To gaze on thee I left the smoaking pail;
 In harvest when the sun was mounted high,
 My leathern bottle did thy drought supply; 60
 When-e'er you mow'd I follow'd with the rake,
 And have full oft been sun-burnt for thy sake;
 When in the welkin gath'ring show'rs were seen,
 I lagg'd the last with Colin on the green;
 And when at eve returning with thy carr,
 Awaiting heard the gingling bells from far;
 Straight on the fire the footy pot I plac't,
 To warm thy broth I burnt my hands for haste.
 When hungry thou stood'st staring, like an Oaf,
 I slic'd the luncheon from the barley loaf, 70
 With crumbled bread I thicken'd well thy mess.
 Ah! love me more, or love thy pottage less!

Last Friday's eve, when as the sun was set,
 I, near yon stile, three fallow gypsies met.
 Upon my hand they cast a poring look,
 Bid me beware, and thrice their heads they shook,
 They said that many crosses I must prove,
 Some in my worldly gain, but most in love.
 Next morn I mis'd three hens and our old cock,
 And off the hedge two pinner and a smock. 80
 I bore these losses with a christian mind,
 And no mishap could feel, while thou wert kind.
 But since, alas! I grew my Colin's scorn,
 I've known no pleasure, night, or noon, or morn.
 Help me, ye gypsies, bring him home again,
 And to a constant lass give back her swain.

Have I not sate with thee full many a night,
 When dying embres were our only light,
 When ev'ry creature did in slumbers lye,
 Besides our cat, my Colin Clout, and I? 90

No troublous thoughts the cat or Colin move,
While I alone am kept awake by love.

Remember, Colin, when at last year's wake,
I bought the costly present for thy sake,
Couldst thou spell o'er the posie on thy knife,
And with another change thy state of life?
If thou forget'st, I wot, I can repeat,
My memory can tell the verse so sweet.

“As this is grav'd upon this knife of thine,

“So is thy image on this heart of mine.” 100

But woe is me! such presents luckless prove,
For Knives, they tell me, always sever Love.

Thus Marian wail'd, her eyes with tears brimfull,
When goody Dobbins brought her cow to bull.
With apron blew to dry her tears she fought,
Then saw the cow well serv'd, and took a groat.

W E D N E S D A Y ;

O R, T H E

* D U M P S.

S P A R A B E L L A.

TH E wailings of a maiden I recite,
A maiden fair, that Sparabella hight.
Such strains ne're warble in the linnet's throat,
Nor the gay goldfinch chaunts so sweet a note,
No mag pye chatter'd, nor the painted jay,
No ox was heard to low, nor ass to bray.
No rustling breezes play'd the leaves among,
While thus her madrigal the damsel sung.

A while, O D'Urfey, lend an ear or twain,
Nor, though in homely guise, my verse disdain; 10
Whether thou seek'st new kingdoms in the sun,
Whether thy muse does at New-market run,
Or does with gossips at a feast regale,
And heighten her conceits with sack and ale,

* Dumps, or dumbs, made use of to express a fit of the fullens. some have pretended that it is derived from Dumops, a King of Egypt, that built a pyramid and dy'd of melancholy. So Mopes after the same manner is thought to have come from Merops, another Egyptian King that dy'd of the same distemper; but our English antiquaries have conjectured that Dumps, which is a grievous heaviness of spirits, comes from the word Dumpling, the heaviest kind of pudding that is eaten in this country, much used in Northfolk, and other counties of England.

Or else at wakes with Joan and Hodge rejoice,
Where D'Urfey's lyricks swell in every voice;
Yet suffer me, thou bard of wond'rous meed,
Amid thy bays to weave this rural weed.

Now the sun drove adown the western road,
And oxen laid at rest forget the goad, 20
The clown fatigu'd trudg'd homeward with his spade,
Across the meadows stretch'd the lengthen'd shade:
When Sparabella pensive and forlorn,
Alike with yearning love and labour worn,
Lean'd on her rake, and straight with doleful guise
Did this sad plaint in moanful notes devise.

Come night as dark as pitch, surround my head,
From Sparabella Bumkinet is fled;
The ribbon that his val'rous cudgel won,
Last Sunday happier Clumsilis put on. 30
Sure if he'd eyes (but Love, they say, has none)
I whilome by that ribbon had been known.
Ah, well-a-day! I'm shent with baneful smart,
For with the ribbon he bestow'd his heart.

Line 5. *Immemor Herbarum quos est mirata juventa
Certantes, quorum stupefactae carmine Lynceae;
Et mutata suos requierunt flumina cursus.* Virg.

9. *Tu mihi seu magni superas jam saxa Timavi,
Sive oram Illyrici legis aequoris—*

11. *An opera written by this author, called the World in
the Sun, or the kingdom of birds; he is also famous
for his song on the Newmarket horse race, and seve-
ral others that are sung by the British swains.*

17. Meed, an old word for Fame or Renown.

18. —*Hanc sine tempora circum
Inter victrices ederam tibi serpere lauros.*

25. *Incumbens tereti Damon sic coepit Olivae.*

33. Shent, an old word signifying hurt or harmed.

“ My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
 “ ’Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid. ”

Shall heavy Clumsilis with me compare?
 View this, ye lovers, and like me despair.
 Her blubber’d lip by smutty pipes is worn,
 And in her breath tobacco whiffs are born; 40
 The cleanly cheese-press she could never turn,
 Her awkward fist did ne’er employ the churn;
 If e’er she brew’d, the drink wou’d straight go sour,
 Before it ever felt the thunder’s power:
 No hufwifry the dowdy creature knew;
 To sum up all, her tongue confess’d the shrew.

“ My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
 “ ’Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid. ”

I’ve often seen my visage in yon lake,
 Nor are my features of the homeliest make. 50
 Though Clumsilis may boast a whiter dye,
 Yet the black floe turns in my rolling eye;
 And fairest blossoms drop with ev’ry blast,
 But the brown beauty will like hollies last.
 Her wan complexion’s like the wither’d leek,
 While Katherine-pears adorn my ruddy cheek.
 Yet she, alas! the witlefs lout hath won,
 And by her gain, poor Sparabell’s undone!
 Let hares and hounds in coupling straps unite,
 The clocking hen make friendship with the kite, 60
 Let the fox simply wear the nuptial noose,
 And join in wedlock with the wadling goose;

37. *Mopso Nisa datur, quid non speremus amantes?* Virg.

49. *Nec sum adeo informis, nuper me in littore vidi,* Id.

53. *Alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur.* Id.

59. *Fungentur jam Gryphes equis; aevoque sequenti
 Cum canibus timidi venient ad pocula Damae.* Id.

For love hath brought a stranger thing to pass,
The fairest shepherd weds the foulest lass.

“ My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
“ ’Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Sooner shall cats disport in waters clear,
And speckled mackrels graze the meadows fair,
Sooner shall screich-owls bask in sunny day,
And the flow as on trees, like squirrels, play, 70
Sooner shall snails on insect pinions rove,
Than I forget my shepherd’s wonted love!

“ My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
“ ’Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Ah! didst thou know what proffers I withstood,
When late I met the Squire in yonder wood!

To me he sped, regardless of his game,
While all my cheek was glowing red with shame;
My lip he kiss’d, and prais’d my healthful look,
Then from his purse of silk a Guinea took, 80
Into my hand he forc’d the tempting gold,
While I with modest struggling broke his hold.

He swore that Dick in liv’ry strip’d with lace,
Should wed me soon, to keep me from disgrace;
But I nor footman priz’d nor golden fee,
For what is lace or gold compar’d to thee?

“ My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
“ ’Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Now plain I ken whence Love his rise begun.
Sure he was born some bloody butcher’s son, 90

67 *Ante leves ergo pascentur in aethere Cervi,*

Et freta destituent nudos in littore pisces—

Quam nostro illius labatur pectore vultus.

Virg.

89 To ken. Scire Chaucero, to ken, and Kende notus A. S.

Bred up in shambles, where our younglings slain,
Erst taught him mischief and to sport with pain.

The father only silly sheep annoys,

The son the sillier shepherdes destroys.

Does son or father greater mischief do?

The fire is cruel, so the son is too.

“ My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,

“ ’Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Farewel, ye woods, ye meads, ye streams that flow;
A sudden death shall rid me of my woe. 100

This penknife keen my windpipe shall divide.

What, shall I fall as squeaking pigs have dy’d!

No——to some tree this carcass I’ll suspend.

But worrying curs find such untimely end!

I’ll speed me to the pond, where the high stool

On the long plank hangs o’er the muddy pool,

That stool, the dread of ev’ry scolding quean.

Yet, sure a lover should not dye so mean!

There plac’d aloft, I’ll rave and rail by fits,

Though all the parish say I’ve lost my wits; 110

And thence, if courage holds, my self I’ll throw,

And quench my passion in the lake below.

cunna Goth. *Kunnan*. *Germanis* kennen. *Danis* Kien-
de. *Islandis* *Kunna*. *Belgis* *Cennen*. this word is of ge-
neral use, but not very common, though not unknown to
the vulgar. *Ken* for *prospicere* is well known and used
to discover by the eye. *Ray. F. R. S.*

Nunc scio quid sit Amor, etc.

Crudelis mater magis an puer improbus ille?

Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater,

Virg.

99. ———— *—vite Sylvae.*

Praeceptis aërii specula de montis in undas

Deferar.

Idem.

“ Ye lasses, cease your burthen, cease to moan,
“ And, by my case forewarn’d, go mind your own.
The sun was set; the night came on a-pace,
And falling dew bewet around the place,
The bat takes airy rounds on leathern wings,
And the hoarse owl his woful dirges sings;
The prudent maiden deems it now too late,
And ’till to morrow comes defers her fate.

THURSDAY;

OR, THE

SPELL.

HOBNELIA.

HOBNELIA, seated in a dreary vale,
In pensive mood rehears'd her piteous tale,
Her piteous tale the winds in sighs bemoan,
And pining eccho answers groan for groan.

I rue the day, a rueful day I trow,
The woeful day, a day indeed of woe!
When Lubberkin to town his cattle drove,
A maiden fine bedight he hapt to love;
The maiden fine bedight his love retains,
And for the village he forsakes the plains.
Return, my Lubberkin, these ditties hear;
Spells will I try, and spells shall ease my care.

10

“With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
“And turn me thrice around, around, around.”

When first the year, I heard the cuckow sing,
And call with welcome note the budding spring,
I straightway set a running with such haste,
Deb'rah that won the smock scarce ran so fast.
'Till spent for lack of breath, quite weary grown,
Upon a rising bank I sat adown,
Then doff'd my shoe, and by my troth, I swear,
Therein I spy'd this yellow frizled hair,

20

Line 8. Dight or bedight, from the Saxon word dightan,
which signifies to set in order.

21. Doff and don, contracted from the words do off
and do on.

As like to Lubberkin's in curl and hue,
As if upon his comely pate it grew.

"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
"And turn me thrice around, around, around."

At eve last midsummer no sleep I sought,
But to the field a bag of hemp-seed brought,
I scatter'd round the seed on ev'ry side,
And three times in a trembling accent cry'd, 30

"This hemp-seed with my virgin hand I sow,
"Who shall my true-love be, the crop shall mow."
I straight look'd back, and if my eyes speak truth,
With his keen scythe behind me came the youth.

"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
"And turn me thrice around, around, around."

Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find;
I rearly rose, just at the break of day,
Before the sun had chas'd the stars away; 40
A-field I went, amid the morning dew,
To milk my kine (for so should hufwives do)
Thee first I spy'd, and the first swain we see,
In spite of fortune shall our true-love be;
See, Lubberkin, each bird his partner take,
And canst thou then thy sweetheart dear forsake?

"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
"And turn me thrice around, around, around."

Last May-day fair I search to find a snail
That might my secret lover's name reveal; 50
Upon a gooseberry bush a snail I found,
For always snails near sweetest fruit abound.
I seiz'd the vermine, home I quickly sped,
And on the hearth the milk-white embers spread.
Slow crawl'd the snail, and if I right can spell,
In the soft ashes mark'd a curious L:

Oh, may this wondrous omen lucky prove!

For L is found in Lubberkin and Love.

“ With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
“ And turn me thrice around, around, around. 60

Two hazel-nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweet-heart's name.

Thus with the loudest bounce me fore amaz'd,

That in a flame of brightest colour blaz'd.

As blaz'd the nut so may thy passion grow,

For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow.

“ With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
“ And turn me thrice around, around, around.

As peascods once I pluck'd, I chance to see
One that was closely fill'd with three times three, 70

Which when I crop'd I safely home convey'd,

And o'er the door the spell in secret laid,

My wheel I turn'd, and sung a ballad new,

While from the spindle I the fleeces drew;

The latch mov'd up, when who should first come in,

But in his proper person, ——Lubberkin.

I broke my yarn surpriz'd the sight to see,

Sure sign that he would break his word with me.

Eftsoons I join'd it with my wonted flight,

So may again his love with mine unite! 80

“ With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
“ And turn me thrice around, around, around.

This lady-fly I take from off the grass,

Whose spotted back might scarlet red surpass.

Fly, lady-bird, North, South, or East, or West,

“ Fly where the man is found that I love best.”

64. ————ἐγὼ δ' ἐπὶ Δέλφιδι Δάφναν

Ἰδὼ. χ' ὡς αὐτὰ λακίει μέγα καπυρίσασα.

65. *Daphnis me malus urit, ego hanc in Daphnide.*

He leaves my hand, see to the West he's flown,
To call my true-love from the faithless town.

“ With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
“ And turn me thrice around, around, around. 90

I pare this pippin round and round again,
My shepherd's name to flourish on the plain.

I fling th' unbroken paring o'er my head,

Upon the grass a perfect L is read;

Yet on my heart a fairer L is seen

Than what the paring makes upon the green.

“ With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
“ And turn me thrice around, around, around.

This pippin shall another tryal make,
See from the core two kernels brown I take; 100

This on my cheek for Lubberkin is worn,

And Boobyclod on t'other side is born,

But Boobyclod soon drops upon the ground,

A certain token that his love's unsound,

While Lubberkin sticks firmly to the last;

Oh were his lips to mine but join'd so fast!

“ With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
“ And turn me thrice around, around, around.

As Lubberkin once slept beneath a tree,

I twitch'd his dangling garter from his knee; 110

He wist not when the hempen string I drew,

Now mine I quickly doff of inkle blue;

Together fast I tye the garters twain,

And while I knit the knot repeat this strain.

“ Three times a true-love's knot I tye secure,

“ Firm be the knot, firm may his love endure.

93. *Transque Caput jace; ne respexeris.*

Virg.

109. *Necte tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, colores?*

Necte, Amarylli, modò; et Veneris dic vincula necto. Id.

“ With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
 “ And turn me thrice around, around, around.

As I was wont, I trudg'd last market day
 To town, with new laid eggs preserv'd in hay, 120
 I made my market long before 'twas night,
 My purse grew heavy and my basket light.
 Straight to the pothecary's shop I went,
 And in love powder all my money spent;
 Behap what will, next Sunday after prayers,
 When to the alehouse Lubberkin repairs,
 These golden flies into his mug I'll throw,
 And soon the swain with fervent love shall glow.

“ With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
 “ And turn me thrice around, around, around. 130

But hold—our Lightfoot barks, and cocks his ears,
 O'er yonder stile see Lubberkin appears.
 He comes, he comes, Hobnelia's not bewray'd,
 Nor shall she crown'd with willow die a maid.
 He vows, he swears, he'll give me a green gown,
 Oh dear! I fall adown, adown, adown!

123. *Has Herbas, atque hæc Ponto mihi lecta venena
 Ipse dedit Moeris.*

Virg.

127 — Ποτὸν κακὸν αὐριον οἶσω

Theoc.

131. *Nescio quid certe est: et Hylax in limine latrat.*

F R I D A Y;

OR, THE

* D I R G E.

BUMKINET, GRUBBINOL.

BUMKINET.

WH Y, Grubbinol, dost thou so wistfull seem?
There's sorrow in thy look, if right I deem.
'Tis true, yon oaks with yellow tops appear,
And chilly blasts begin to nip the year;
From the tall elm a show'r of leaves is born,
And their lost beauty riven beeches mourn.
Yet e'en this season pleasance blithe affords,
Now the squeez'd press foams with our apple hoards.
Come, let us hie, and quaff a cheary bowl,
Let cider new wash sorrow from thy soul. 10

GRUBBINOL.

Ah Bumkinet! since thou from hence wert gone,
From these sad plains all merriment is flown;
Should I reveal my grief 'twould spoil thy chear,
And make thine eye o'erflow with many a tear.

* Dirge, or Dyrge, a mournful ditty or song of lamentation over the dead; not a contraction of the Latin Dirige in the popish hymn Dirige Gressus meos, as some pretend; but from the Teutonic Dyrke, Laudare, to praise and extol. whence it is possible their Dyrke, and our Dirge, was a laudatory song to commemorate and applaud the dead.

Cowel's Interpreter.

B U M K I N E T.

Hang sorrow! let's to yonder hutt repair,
 And with trim sonnets cast away our care.
 Gillian of Croydon well thy pipe can play,
 Thou sing'st most sweet, o'er hills and far away,
 Of Patient Grissel I devise to sing,
 And catches quaint shall make the valleys ring. 20
 Come, Grubbinol, beneath this shelter come,
 From hence we view our flocks securely roam.

G R U B B I N O L.

Yes, blithsome lad, a tale I mean to sing,
 But with my woe shall distant valleys ring.
 The tale shall make our kidlings droop their head,
 For woe is me!—our Blouzelind is dead.

B U M K I N E T.

Is Blouzelinda dead? farewell my glee!
 No happiness is now reserv'd for me,
 As the wood-pigeon cooes without his mate,
 So shall my doleful dirge bewail her fate. 30
 Of Blouzelinda fair I mean to tell,
 The peerless maid that did all maids excell.
 Henceforth the morn shall dewy sorrow shed,
 And ev'ning tears upon the grafs be spread;
 The rowling streams with wat'ry grief shall flow,
 And winds shall moan aloud—when loud they blow.
 Henceforth, as oft as autumn shall return,
 The dropping trees, whene'er it rains, shall mourn;
 This season quite shall strip the country's pride,
 For 'twas in autumn Blouzelinda dy'd. 40

Where-e'er I gad, I Blouzelind shall view,
 Woods, dairy, barn and mows our passion knew.

15. *Incipe Mopse prior, si quos aut Phyllidis ignes,
 Ante Alconis habes laudes, aut jurgia Codri.*

27. Glee, Joy; from the Dutch, Glooren, to recreate.

When I direct my eyes to yonder wood,
Fresh rising sorrow curdles in my blood.
Thither I've often been the damsel's guide,
When rotten sticks our fuel have supply'd;
There I remember how her faggots large,
Were frequently these happy shoulders charge.
Sometimes this crook drew hazel boughs adown,
And stuff'd her apron wide with nuts so brown; 50
Or when her feeding hogs had miss'd their way,
Or wallowing 'mid a feast of acorns lay;
Th' untoward creatures to the sty I drove,
And whistled all the way—or told my love.

If by the dairy's hatch I chance to hie,
I shall her goodly countenance espie,
For there her goodly countenance I've seen,
Set off with kerchief starch'd and pinnars clean.
Sometimes, like wax, she rolls the butter round,
Or with the wooden lilly prints the pound. 60
Whilome I've seen her skim the clouted cream,
And press from spongy curds the milky stream.
But now, alas! these ears shall hear no more
The whining swine surround the dairy door,
No more her care shall fill the hollow tray,
To fat the guzzling hogs with floods of whey.
Lament, ye swine, in gruntings spend your grief,
For you, like me, have lost your sole relief.

When in the barn the sounding flail I ply,
Where from her sieve the chaff was wont to fly, 70
The poultry there will seem around to stand,
Waiting upon her charitable hand.
No succour meet the poultry now can find,
For they, like me, have lost their Blouzelind.

Whenever by yon barley mow I pass,
Before my eyes will trip the tidy lass.

I pitch'd the sheaves (oh could I do so now)
 Which she in rows pil'd on the growing mow.
 There ev'ry deale my heart by love was gain'd,
 There the sweet kiss my courtship has explain'd, 80
 Ah Blouzelind! that mow I ne'er shall see,
 But thy memorial will revive in me.

Lament, ye fields, and rueful symptoms show,
 Henceforth let not the smelling primrose grow;
 Let weeds instead of butter-flow'rs appear,
 And meads, instead of daiesies, hemlock bear;
 For cowslips sweet let dandelions spread,
 For Blouzelinda, blithsome maid, is dead!
 Lament ye swains, and o'er her grave bemoan,
 And spell ye right this verse upon her stone. 90
 ' Here Blouzelinda lies——— Alas, alas!
 ' Weep shepherds——— and remember flesh is grass.

GRUBBINOL.

Albeit thy songs are sweeter to mine ear,
 Than to the thirsty cattle rivers clear;
 Or winter porridge to the lab'ring youth,
 Or bunnis and sugar to the damsel's tooth;
 Yet Blouzelinda's name shall tune my lay,
 Of her I'll sing for ever and for aye.

84. *Pro molli violâ, pro purpureo Narcisso
 Carduus, et spinis surgit Paliurus acutis.* Virg.

90. *Et tumulum facite, et tumulo superaddite carmen.*

93. *Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,
 Quale sopor fessis in gramine: quale per aestum
 Dulcis aquae saliente sitim restinguere rivo.
 Nos tamen haec quocumque modo tibi nostra vicissim
 Dicemus, Daphninque tuum tollemus ad astra.* Id.

96. *Κρέσσον μελπομένω τευ ἀκνέμεν υἱὶ μέλι λείχειν.*
 Theoc.

When Blouzelind expir'd, the weather's bell
 Before the drooping flock toll'd forth her knell; 100
 The solemn death-watch click'd the hour she dy'd,
 And shrilling crickets in the chimney cry'd;
 The boding raven on her cottage fate,
 And with hoarse croaking warn'd us of our fate;
 The lambkin, which her wonted tendance bred,
 Drop'd on the plains that fatal instant dead;
 Swarm'd on a rotten stick the bees I spy'd,
 Which erst I saw when goody Dobson dy'd.

How shall I, void of tears, her death relate,
 When on her dearling's bed her mother fate! 110
 These words the dying Blouzelinda spoke,
 And 'of the dead let none the will revoke.'

Mother, quoth she, let not the poultry need,
 And give the goose wherewith to raise her breed,
 Be these my sister's care —— and ev'ry morn
 Amid the ducklings let her scatter corn;
 The sickly calf that's hous'd, be sure to tend,
 Feed him with milk, and from bleak colds defend.
 Yet ere I die —— see, mother, yonder shelf,
 There secretly I've hid my worldly pelf. 120
 Twenty good shillings in a rag I laid,
 Be ten the parson's, for my sermon paid.
 The rest is yours —— my spinning-wheel and rake,
 Let Susan keep for her dear sister's sake;
 My new straw-hat that's trimly lin'd with green,
 Let Peggy wear, for she's a damsel clean.
 My leathern bottle, long in harvests try'd,
 Be Grubbinol's —— this silver ring beside:
 Three silver pennies, and a nine-pence bent,
 A token kind, to Bumkinet is sent. 130
 Thus spoke the maiden, while the mother cry'd,
 And peaceful, like the harmless lambs, she dy'd.

To show their love, the neighbours far and near,
 Follow'd with wistful look the damsel's bier.
 Sprigg'd rosemary the lads and lasses bore,
 While dismally the parson walk'd before.
 Upon her grave the rosemary they threw,
 The daisy, butter-flow'r and endive blue.

After the good man warn'd us from his text, 139
 That none could tell whose turn would be the next;
 He said, that heaven would take her soul, no doubt,
 And spoke the hour-glass in her praise — quite out.

To her sweet mem'ry flow'ry garlands strung,
 O'er her now empty seat aloft were hung.
 With wicker rods we fenc'd her tomb around,
 To ward from man and beast the hallow'd ground,
 Lest her new grave the parson's cattle raze,
 For both his horse and cow the church-yard graze.

Now we trudg'd homeward to her mother's farm,
 To drink new cider mull'd, with ginger warm. 150
 For gaffer Tread-well told us by the by,
 'Excessive sorrow is exceeding dry.'

While bulls bear horns upon their curled brow,
 Or lasses with soft stroakings milk the cow;
 While padding ducks the standing lake desire,
 Or batt'ning hogs roll in the sinking mire;
 While moles the crumbling earth in hillocks raise,
 So long shall swains tell Blouzelinda's praise.

Thus wail'd the louts in melancholy strain,
 'Till bonny Susan sped a cross the plain;
 They seiz'd the lass in apron clean array'd,
 And to the ale-house forc'd the willing maid;
 In ale and kisses they forget their cares,
 And Susan Blouzelinda's loss repairs.

153. *Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
 Dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicada,
 Semper honos nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.*

SATURDAY;

OR, THE

FLIGHTS.

BOWZYBEUS.

Sublimer strains, O rustic muse, prepare;
Forget a-while the barn and dairy's care;
Thy homely voice to loftier numbers raise,
The drunkard's flights require sonorous lays,
With Bowzybeus' songs exalt thy verse,
While rocks and woods the various notes rehearse.

'Twas in the season when the reapers toil
Of the ripe harvest 'gan to rid the soil;
Wide through the field was seen a goodly rout,
Clean damsels bound the gather'd sheaves about, 10
The lads with sharpen'd hook and sweating brow
Cut down the labours of the winter plow.
To the near hedge young Susan steps aside,
She feign'd her coat or garter was unty'd,
What-e'er she did, she stoop'd adown unseen,
And merry reapers, what they list, will ween.
Soon she rose up, and cry'd with voice so shrill
That echo answer'd from the distant hill;
The youths and damsels ran to Susan's aid,
Who thought some adder had the lads dismay'd. 20

When fast asleep they Bowzybeus spy'd,
His hat and oaken staff lay close beside.

That Bowzybeus who could sweetly sing,
 Or with the rozin'd bow torment the string:
 That Bowzybeus who with finger's speed
 Could call soft warblings from the breathing reed ;
 That Bowzybeus who with jocond tongue,
 Ballads and roundelays and catches sung,
 They loudly laugh to see the damsel's fright,
 And in disport surround the drunken wight. 30

Ah Bowzybee, why didst thou stay so long ?
 The mugs were large, the drink was wondrous strong !
 Thou shouldst have left the fair before 'twas night,
 But thou sat'st toping 'till the morning light.

Cic'ly, brisk maid, steps forth before the rout,
 And kifs'd with smacking lip the snoring lout.
 For custom says, ' Whoe'er this venture proves,
 ' For such a kifs demands a pair of gloves.'
 By her example Dorcas bolder grows,
 And plays a tickling straw within his nose. 40
 He rubs his nostril, and in wonted joke
 The sneering swains with stamm'ring speech bespoke.
 To you, my lads, I'll sing my carols o'er,
 As for the maids,—— I've something else in store.

No sooner 'gan he raise his tuneful song,
 But lads and lasses round about him throng.
 Not ballad-finger plac'd above the croud
 Sings with a note so shrilling sweet and loud,
 Nor parish-clerk who calls the psalm so clear,
 Like Bowzybeus sooths th' attentive ear. 50

40. *Sanguineis frontem moris et tempora pingit.* Virg.

43. *Carmina quae vultis, cognoscite ; carmina vobis.*
Huic aliud mercedis erit. Id.

47. *Nec tantum Phoebus gaudet Parnassia rupes ;*
Nec tantum Rhodope mirantur et Ismarus Orphea. Id.

Of nature's laws his carols first begun,
 Why the grave owl can never see the sun.
 For owles, as swains observe, detest the light,
 And only sing and seek their prey by night.
 How turnips hide their swelling heads below,
 And how the closing colworts upwards grow;
 How Will-a-Wisp misleads night-faring clowns,
 O'er hills, and sinking bogs, and pathless downs.
 Of stars he told that shoot with shining trail,
 And of the glow-worm's light that gilds his tail. 60
 He sung where wood-cocks in the summer feed,
 And in what climates they renew their breed;
 Some think to northern coasts their flight they tend,
 Or to the moon in midnight hours ascend.
 Where swallows in the winter season keep,
 And how the drowsy bat and dormouse sleep.
 How nature does the puppy's eyelid close,
 Till the bright sun has nine times set and rose.
 For huntsmen by their long experience find,
 That puppies still nine rolling suns are blind. 70

Now he goes on, and sings of fairs and shows,
 For still new fairs before his eyes arose.
 How pedlars stalls with glitt'ring toys are laid,
 The various fairings of the country maid.
 Long silken laces hang upon the twine,
 And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine;
 How the tight lads, knives, combs, and scissars spys,
 And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes.
 Of lott'ries next with tuneful note he told,
 Where silver spoons are won, and rings of gold. 80

51. Our swain had possibly read Tusser, from whence he
 might have collected these philosophical observations.

Namque canebat uti magnum per inane coacta &c.

The lads and lasses trudge the street along,
 And all the fair is crouded in his song.
 The mountebank now treads the stage, and sells
 His pills, his balsams, and his ague-spells;
 Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs,
 And on the rope the ventrous maiden swings;
 Jack-pudding in his parti-colour'd jacket
 Tosses the glove, and jokes at ev'ry packet.
 Of Raree-shows he sung, and Punch's feats,
 Of pockets pick'd in crowds, and various cheats. 90

Then sad he sung 'the children in the wood.'
 Ah barb'rous uncle, stain'd with infant blood!
 How blackberries they pluck'd in desarts wild,
 And fearless at the glittering fauchion smil'd;
 Their little corps the robbin-red-breasts found,
 And strow'd with pious bill the leaves around.
 Ah gentle birds! if this verse lasts so long,
 Your names shall live for ever in my song.

For buxom Joan he sung the doubtful strife,
 How the sly sailor made the maid a wife. 100

To louder strains he rais'd his voice, to tell
 What woeful wars in Chevy-chase befell,
 When 'Piercy drove the deer with hound and horn,
 'Wars to be wept by children yet unborn!'
 Ah Withrington, more years thy life had crown'd,
 If thou hadst never heard the horn or hound!
 Yet shall the squire, who fought on bloody stumps,
 By future bards be wail'd in doleful dumps.

97. *Fortunati ambo, si quid mea carmina possunt,
 Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet aevo.* Virg.

99. *A song in the comedy of Love for Love, beginning
 A soldier and a sailor, &c.*

' All in the land of Essex' next he chaunts,
 How to sleek mares starch quakers turn gallants: 110
 How the grave brother stood on bank so green.
 Happy for him if mares had never been !

Then he was seiz'd with a religious qualm,
 And on a sudden, sung the hundredth psalm.

He sung of Taffy Welch, and Sawney Scot,
 Lilly-bullero and the Irish Trot.

Why should I tell of Bateman or of Shore,
 Or Wantly's Dragon slain by valiant Moore,
 The bow'r of Rosamond, or Robin Hood, 119
 And how the grass now grows where Troy town stood ?

His carols ceas'd : the list'ning maids and swains
 Seem still to hear some soft imperfect strains.

Sudden he rose ; and as he reels along
 Swears kisses sweet should well reward his song.

The damsels laughing fly : the giddy clown
 Again upon a wheat-sheaf, drops adown ;
 The pow'r that guards the drunk, his sleep attends,
 'Till ruddy, like his face, the sun descends.

109. *A Song of Sir J. Denham's. See his poems.*

112. *Et fortunatam si nunquam armenta fuissent
 Pasiphaen.*

117. *Quid loquar aut Scyllam Nisi, &c.*

Virg.

117. *Old English ballads.*

A N

ALPHABETICAL CATALOGUE

O F

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TRIVIA;

OR, THE

ART OF WALKING

THE STREETS OF

LONDON.

Quò te Moeri pedes? An, quò via ducit, in urbem? Virg.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE world, I believe, will take so little notice of me, that I need not take much of it. the criticks may see by this poem, that I walk on foot, which probably may save me from their envy. I should be sorry to raise that passion in men whom I am so much obliged to, since they allowed me an honour hitherto only shewn to better writers: that of denying me to be author of my own works.

Gentlemen, if there be any thing in this poem good enough to displease you, and if it be any advantage to you to ascribe it some person of greater merit; I shall acquaint you for your comfort, that among many other obligations, I owe several hints of it to Dr. Swift. and if you will so far continue your favour as to write against it, I beg you to oblige me in accepting the following motto.

—— *Non tu, in Triviis, indocte, solebas
Stridenti, miserum, stipulâ, disperdere carmen?*

ADVERTISEMENT.

I have now, I believe, will take to
this cause of mine, that I need not
take notice of the attacks may see by
this notice, that I walk on foot, which
probably may prevent from their envy. I
should be very to wish that passion in men
which I am so much obliged to, since they
are not so much obliged to, since they
are not so much obliged to, since they
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TRIVIA.

BOOK I.

OF THE IMPLEMENTS FOR WALKING THE STREETS,
AND SIGNS OF THE WEATHER.

THROUGH winter streets to steer your course a-
right,
How to walk clean by day, and safe by night,
How jostling crouds, with prudence to decline,
When to assert the wall, and when resign,
I sing: thou, Trivia, goddess, aid my song,
Thro' spacious streets conduct thy bard along;
By thee transported, I securely stray
Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way,
The silent court, and op'ning square explore,
And long perplexing lanes untrod before. 10
To pave thy realm, and smooth the broken ways,
Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays;
For thee, the sturdy paver thumps the ground,
Whilst ev'ry stroke his lab'ring lungs resound;
For thee the scavenger bids kennels glide
Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt subside,
My youthful bosom burns with thirst of fame,
From the great theme to build a glorious name,
To tread in paths to ancient bards unknown,
And bind my temples with a civic crown: 20
But more, my country's love demands the lays,
My country's be the profit, mine the praise.

When the black youth at chosen stands rejoice,
And 'clean your shoes' resounds from ev'ry voice;

When late their miry sides stage-coaches show,
 And their stiff horses through the town move slow;
 When all the Mall in leafy ruin lies,
 And damsels first renew their oyster-cries:
 Then let the prudent walker shoes provide,
 Not of the Spanish or Morocco hide; 30
 The wooden heel may raise the dancer's bound,
 And with the scallop'd top his step be crown'd:
 Let firm, well-hammer'd soles protect thy feet
 Thro' freezing snows, and rains, and soaking fleet.
 Should the big laste extend the shoe too wide,
 Each stone will wrench th' unwary step aside:
 The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,
 Thy cracking joint unhinge, or ankle sprain;
 And when too short the modish shoes are worn,
 You'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn. 40

Nor should it prove thy less important care,
 To choose a proper coat for winter's wear.
 Now in thy trunk thy D'oily habit fold,
 The silken drugget ill can fence the cold;
 The frieze's spongy nap is soak'd with rain,
 And show'rs soon drench the camlet's cockled grain,
 True * Witney broad-cloth with its shag unshorn,
 Unpierc'd is in the lasting tempest worn:
 Be this the horseman's fence; for who would wear
 Amid the town the spoils of Russia's bear? 50
 Within the Roquelaure's clasp thy hands are pent,
 Hands, that stretch'd forth invading harms prevent.
 Let the loop'd Bavaroy the fop embrace,
 Or his deep cloak be spatter'd o'er with lace.
 That garment best the winter's rage defends,
 Whose ample form without one plait depends;

* A town in Oxfordshire.

By * various names in various counties known,
 Yet held in all the true Surtout alone :
 Be thine of Kersey firm, tho' small the cost,
 Then brave unwet the rain, unchill'd the frost. 90

If the strong cane support thy walking hand,
 Chairmen no longer shall the wall command ;
 E'en sturdy car-men shall thy nod obey,
 And rattling coaches stop to make thee way ;
 This shall direct thy cautious tread aright,
 Though not one glaring lamp enliven night.
 Let beaus their canes with amber tipt produce,
 Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use.

In gilded chariots while they loll at ease,
 And lazily insure a life's disease ; 70

While softer chairs the tawdry load convey
 To court, to † White's, assemblies, or the play ;
 Rosy-complexion'd health thy steps attends,
 And exercise thy lasting youth defends.

Imprudent men heaven's choicest gifts profane.
 Thus some beneath their arm support the cane ;
 The dirty point oft checks the careless pace,
 And miry spots the clean cravat disgrace :

O ! may I never such misfortune meet,
 May no such vicious walkers croud the street, 80
 May Providence o'er-shade me with her wings,
 While the bold muse experienc'd dangers sings.

Not that I wander from my native home,
 And (tempting perils) foreign cities roam.
 Let Paris be the theme of Gallia's muse,
 Where slav'ry treads the street in wooden shoes ;

* *A Joseph, Wrap-Rascal, &c.*

† *White's Chocolate-house in St. James's-street.*

Nor do I rove in Belgia's frozen clime,
And teach the clumsy boor to skate in rhyme,
Where, if the warmer clouds in rain descend,
No miry ways industrious steps offend, 90
The rushing flood from sloping pavements pours,
And blackens the canals with dirty show'rs.
Let others Naples' smother streets rehearse,
And with proud Roman structures grace their verse,
Where frequent murders wake the night with groans,
And blood in purple torrents dyes the stones;
Nor shall the muse through narrow Venice stray,
Where gondolas their painted oars display.
O happy streets, to rumbling wheels unknown,
No carts, no coaches shake the floating town! 100
Thus was of old Britannia's city blest'd,
Ere pride and luxury her sons possess'd:
Coaches and chariots yet unfashion'd lay,
Nor late-invented chairs perplex'd the way:
Then the proud lady tripp'd along the town,
And tuck'd-up petticoats secur'd her gown,
Her rosy cheek with distant visits glow'd,
And exercise unartful charms bestow'd;
But since in braided gold her foot is bound,
And a long-treading manteau sweeps the ground, 110
Her shoe disdains the street; the lazy fair
With narrow step affects a limping air.
Now gaudy pride corrupts the lavish age,
And the streets flame with glaring equipage;
The tricking gamester insolently rides,
With Loves and Graces on his chariot's sides;
In saucy state the griping broker sits,
And laughs at honesty, and trudging wits:
For you, O honest men, these useful lays
The muse prepares; I seek no other praise. 120

When sleep is first disturb'd by morning cries;
 From sure prognosticks learn to know the skies,
 Lest you of rheums and coughs at night complain;
 Surpriz'd in dreary fogs, or driving rain.

When suffocating mists obscure the morn,
 Let thy worst wig, long us'd to storms, be worn;
 This knows the powder'd footman, and with care,
 Beneath his flapping hat secures his hair.

Be thou, for ev'ry season, justly drest,
 Nor brave the piercing frost with open breast; 130
 And when the bursting clouds a deluge pour,
 Let thy Surtout defend the drenching show'r.

The changing weather certain signs reveal.
 Ere winter sheds her snow, or frosts congeal,
 You'll see the coals in brighter flame aspire,
 And sulphur tinge with blue the rising fire:
 Your tender shins the scorching heat decline,
 And at the dearth of coals the poor repine;
 Before her kitchen hearth, the nodding dame
 In flannel mantle wrapt, enjoys the flame; 140
 Hov'ring, upon her feeble knees she bends,
 And all around the grateful warmth ascends.

Nor do less certain signs the town advise,
 Of milder weather, and serener skies.
 The ladies gaily dress'd, the Mall adorn
 With various dyes, and paint the sunny morn;
 The wanton fawns with frisking pleasure range,
 And chirping sparrows greet the welcome change:
 * Not that their minds with greater skill are fraught,
 Endu'd by instinct, or by reason taught, 150
 The seasons operate on ev'ry breast,
 'Tis hence that fawns are brisk, and ladies drest,

* *Haud equidem credo, quia fit divinitus illis
 Ingenium, aut rerum fato prudentia major.* Virg. Georg. l.

When on his box the nodding coachman snores,
 And dreams of fancy'd fares; when tavern doors
 The chairmen idly croud; then ne'er refuse
 To trust thy busy steps in thinner shoes.

But when the swinging signs your ears offend
 With creaking noise, then rainy floods impend;
 Soon shall the kennels swell with rapid streams,
 And rush in muddy torrents to the Thames. 160

The bookseller, whose shop's an open square,
 Forfees the tempest, and with early care
 Of learning strips the rails; the rowing crew
 To tempt a fare, clothe all their tilts in blue:
 On hosiers poles depending stockings ty'd,
 Flag with the slacken'd gale, from side to side:
 Church-monuments foretel the changing air;
 Then Niobe dissolves into a tear,
 And sweats with secret grief: you'll hear the sounds
 Of whistling winds, ere kennels break their bounds;
 Ungrateful odours common-shores diffuse, 171
 And dropping vaults distil unwholesome dews
 Ere the tiles rattle with the smoking show'r,
 And spouts on heedless men their torrents pour.

All superstition from thy breast repel.
 Let cred'lous boys, and prating nurses tell,
 How if the festival of Paul be clear,
 Plenty from lib'ral horn shall strow the year;
 When the dark skies dissolve in snow or rain,
 The lab'ring hind shall yoke the steer in vain; 180
 But if the threatening winds in tempests roar,
 Then war shall bathe her wasteful sword in gore.
 How, if on Swithin's feast the welkin lours,
 And ev'ry penthouse streams with hasty show'rs,
 Twice twenty days shall clouds their fleeces drain,
 And wash the pavements with incessant rain,

Let not such vulgar tales debase thy mind;
Nor Paul nor Swithin rule the clouds and wind.

If you the precepts of the muse despise,
And slight the faithful warning of the skies, 190
Others you'll see, when all the town's afloat,
Wrapt in th' embraces of a Kersey coat,
Or double-button'd frieze; their guarded feet
Defy the muddy dangers of the street,
While you with hat unloop'd, the fury dread
Of spouts high-streaming, and with cautious tread
Shun ev'ry dashing pool; or idly stop,
To seek the kind protection of a shop.

But bus'ness summons; now with hasty scud
You jostle for the wall; the spatter'd mud 200
Hides all thy hose behind; in vain you scow'r,
Thy wig alas! uncurl'd, admits the show'r.
So fierce Alec'to's snaky tresses fell,
When Orpheus charm'd the rig'rous pow'rs of hell,
Or thus hung Glaucus' beard, with briny dew
Clotted and straight, when first his am'rous view
Surpriz'd the bathing fair; the frightened maid
Now stands a rock, transform'd by Circe's aid.

Good housewives all the winter's rage despise,
Defended by the riding-hood's disguise: 210
Or underneath th' umbrella's oily shed,
Safe thro' the wet on clinking pattens tread,
Let Persian dames th' umbrella's ribs display,
To guard their beauties from the sunny ray;
Or sweating slaves support the shady load,
When eastern monarchs show their state abroad;
Britain in winter only knows its aid,
To guard from chilly show'rs the walking maid.
But, O! forget not, muse, the patten's praise,
That female implement shall grace thy lays; 220

Say from what art divine th' invention came,
And from its origin deduce its name.

Where Lincoln wide extends her fenny soil,
A goodly yeoman liv'd grown white with toil:
One only daughter blest his nuptial bed,
Who from her infant hand the poultry fed:
Martha (her careful mother's name) she bore,
But now her careful mother was no more.
Whilst on her father's knee the damsel play'd,
Patty he fondly call'd the smiling maid; 230
As years increas'd, her ruddy beauty grew,
And Patty's fame o'er all the village flew.

Soon as the grey-ey'd morning streaks the skies,
And in the doubtful day the woodcock flies,
Her cleanly pail the pretty housewife bears,
And singing to the distant field repairs:
And when the plains with ev'ning dew are spread,
The milky burden smokes upon her head,
Deep, thro' a miry-lane she pick'd her way,
Above her ankle rose the chalky clay. 240

Vulcan by chance the bloomy maiden spies,
With innocence and beauty in her eyes,
He saw, he lov'd; for yet he ne'er had known
Sweet innocence and beauty meet in one.

Ah Mulciber! recal thy nuptial vows,
Think on the graces of thy Paphian spouse,
Think how her eyes dart inexhausted charms,
And canst thou leave her bed for Patty's arms?

The Lemnian Power forsakes the realms above,
His bosom glowing with terrestrial love: 250
Far in the lane a lonely hut he found,
No tenant ventur'd on the unwholesome ground.
Here smokes his forge, he bares his sinewy arm,
And early strokes the sounding anvil warm:

Around his shop the steely sparkles flew,
As for the steed he shap'd the bending shoe.

When blue-ey'd Patty near his window came,
His anvil rests, his forge forgets to flame.
To bear his soothing tales she feigns delays ;
What woman can resist the force of praise ? 260

At first she coyly ev'ry kiss withstood,
And all her cheek was flush'd with modest blood :
With headless nails he now furrounds her shoes,
To save her steps from rains and piercing dews ;
She lik'd his soothing tales, his presents wore,
And granted kisses, but would grant no more.
Yet winter chill'd her feet, with cold she pines,
And on her cheek the fading rose declines ;
No more her humid eyes their lustre boast,
And in hoarse sounds her melting voice is lost. 270
This Vulcan saw, and in his heav'nly thought,
A new machine mechanic fancy wrought,
Above the mire her shelter'd steps to raise,
And bear her safely thro' the wintry ways,
Straight the new engine on the anvil glows,
And the pale virgin on the patten rose.
No more her lungs are shook with dropping rheums,
And on her cheek reviving beauty blooms.
The god obtain'd his suit ; though flatt'ry fail,
Presents with female virtue must prevail. 280
The patten now supports each frugal dame,
Which from the blue-ey'd Patty takes the name.

T R I V I A.

B O O K II.

OF WALKING THE STREETS BY DAY.

THUS far the muse has trac'd in useful lays,
 The proper implements for wintry ways;
 Has taught the walker, with judicious eyes,
 To read the various warnings of the skies.
 Now venture, muse, from home to range the town,
 And for the public safety risque thy own.

For ease and for dispatch, the morning's best;
 No tides of passengers the street molest.
 You'll see a draggled damsel, here and there,
 From Billingsgate her fishy traffick bear; 10
 On doors the fallow milk-maid chalks her gains;
 Ah! how unlike the milk-maid of the plains!
 Before proud gates attending asses bray,
 Or arrogate with solemn pace the way;
 These grave physicians with their milky chear,
 The love-sick maid and dwindling beau repair;
 Here rows of drummers stand in martial file,
 And with their vellom-thunder shake the pile,
 To greet the new-made bride. are sounds like these
 The proper preludes to a state of peace? 20
 Now industry awakes her busy sons,
 Full charg'd with news the breathless hawker runs:
 Shops open, coaches roll, carts shake the ground,
 And all the streets with passing cries resound.

If cloath'd in black, you tread the busy town,
 Or if distinguish'd by the rev'rend gown,
 Three trades avoid; oft in the mingling press,
 The barber's apron soils the fable dress;
 Shun the perfumer's touch with cautious eye,
 Nor let the baker's step advance too nigh: 30
 Ye walkers too that youthful colours wear,
 Three sullyng trades avoid with equal care;
 The little chimney-sweeper sculks along,
 And marks with sooty stains the heedless throng;
 When small-coal murmurs in the hoarser throat,
 From smutty dangers guard thy threaten'd coat:
 The dust-man's cart offends thy cloaths and eyes,
 When through the street a cloud of ashes flies;
 But whether black or lighter dyes are worn,
 The chandler's basket, on his shoulder born, 40
 With tallow spots thy coat; resign the way,
 To shun the surly butcher's greasy tray,
 Butchers whose hands are dy'd with blood's foul stain,
 And always foremost in the hangman's train.

Let due civilities be strictly paid,
 The wall surrender to the hooded maid;
 Nor let thy sturdy elbow's hasty rage
 Jostle the feeble steps of trembling age:
 And when the porter bends beneath his load,
 And pants for breath; clear thou the crouded road.
 But, above all, the groping blind direct, 51
 And from the pressing throng the lame protect.
 You'll sometimes meet a fop, of nicest tread,
 Whose mantling peruke veils his empty head,
 At ev'ry step he dreads the wall to lose,
 And risques, to save a coach, his red-heel'd shoes,
 Him, like the miller, pass with caution by,
 Lest from his shoulder clouds of powder fly.

But when the bully, with assuming pace,
 Cocks his broad hat, edg'd round with tarnish'd lace,
 Yield not the way; defy his strutting pride, 61
 And thrust him to the muddy kennel's side;
 He never turns again, nor dares oppose,
 But mutters coward curses as he goes.

If drawn by bus'ness to a street unknown,
 Let the sworn porter point thee through the town;
 Be sure observe the signs, for signs remain,
 Like faithful land-marks to the walking train.
 Seek not from prentices to learn the way,
 Those fabling boys will turn thy steps astray; 70
 Ask the grave tradesman to direct thee right,
 He ne'er deceives, but when he profits by't.

Where fam'd St. Giles's ancient limits spread,
 An inrail'd column rears its lofty head,
 Here to sev'n streets sev'n dials count the day,
 And from each other catch the circling ray.
 Here oft the peasant, with enquiring face,
 Bewilder'd, trudges on from place to place;
 He dwells on ev'ry sign with stupid gaze,
 Enters the narrow alley's doubtful maze, 80
 Tries ev'ry winding court and street in vain,
 And doubles o'er his weary steps again.
 Thus hardy Theseus with intrepid feet,
 Travers'd the dang'rous labyrinth of Crete;
 But still the wandring passes forc'd his stay,
 Till Ariadne's clue unwinds the way.
 But do not thou, like that bold chief, confide
 Thy ventrous footsteps to a female guide;
 She'll lead thee with delusive smiles along,
 Dive in thy fob, and drop thee in the throng. 90

When waggish boys the stunted beefom ply
 To rid the flabby pavement; pass not by

Ere thou hast held their hands; some heedless flirt
 Will over-spread thy calves with spatt'ring dirt.
 Where porters hogheads roll from carts aslope,
 Or brewers down steep cellars stretch the rope,
 Where counted billets are by car-men tost,
 Stay thy rash step, and walk without the post.

What though the gath'ring mire thy feet besmear,
 The voice of industry is always near. 100

Hark! the boy calls thee to his destin'd stand,
 And the shoe shines beneath his oily hand.
 Here let the muse, fatigu'd amid the throng,
 Adorn her precepts with digressive song;
 Of shirtless youths the secret rise to trace,
 And show the parent of the fable race.

Like mortal man, great Jove (grown fond of
 change)

Of old was wont this nether world to range
 To seek amours; the vice the monarch lov'd
 Soon through the wide etherial court improv'd, 110
 And e'en the proudest goddesses now and then
 Would lodge a night among the sons of men;
 To vulgar deities descends the fashion,
 Each, like her betters, had her earthly passion.
 Then * Cloacina (goddess of the tide
 Whose fable streams beneath the city glide)
 Indulg'd the modish flame; the town she rov'd,
 A mortal scavenger she saw, she lov'd;
 The muddy spots that dry'd upon his face,
 Like female patches, heighten'd ev'ry grace: 120

* Cloacina was a goddess whose image Tatius (a King of the Sabines) found in the common shore, and not knowing what goddess it was, he call'd it Cloacina from the place in which it was found, and paid to it divine honours. Lactant. 1. 20. Minuc. Fel. Oct. p. 232.

She gaz'd; she sigh'd. for love can beauties spy
In what seems faults to ev'ry common eye.

Now had the watchman walk'd his second round;
When Cloacina hears the rumbling sound
Of her brown lover's cart, for well she knows
That pleasing thunder: swift the goddess rose,
And through the streets pursu'd the distant noise,
Her bosom panting with expected joys.

With the night-wandering harlot's airs she past,
Brush'd near his side, and wanton glances cast; 130
In the black form of cinder-wench she came,
When love, the hour, the place had banish'd shame;
To the dark alley arm in arm they move:
O may no link-boy interrupt their love.

When the pale moon had nine times fill'd her space,
The pregnant goddess (cautious of disgrace)
Descends to earth; but sought no midwife's aid,
Nor mid'ft her anguish to Lucina pray'd;
No cheerful gossip wish'd the mother joy,
Alone, beneath a bulk she dropt the boy. 140

The child through various risques in years improv'd,
At first a beggar's brat, compassion mov'd;
His infant tongue soon learnt the canting art,
Knew all the pray'rs and whines to touch the heart.

Oh happy unown'd youths, your limbs can bear
The scorching dog-star, and the winter's air,
While the rich infant, nurs'd with care and pain,
Thirsts with each heat, and coughs with ev'ry rain?

The goddess long had mark'd the child's distress,
And long had sought his suff'rings to redress; 150
She prays the gods to take the fondling's part,
To teach his hands some beneficial art
Practis'd in streets: the gods her suit allow'd,
And made him useful to the walking croud,

To cleanse the miry feet, and o'er the shoe
 With nimble skill the glossy black renew,
 Each power contributes to relieve the poor:
 With the strong bristles of the mighty boar
 Diana forms his brush; the god of day
 A tripod gives, amid the crouded way
 To raise the dirty foot, and ease his toil;
 Kind Neptune fills his vase with fetid oil
 Prest from th' enormous whale: the god of fire,
 From whose dominions smoky clouds aspire,
 Among these gen'rous presents joins his part,
 And aids with soot the new japanning art;
 Pleas'd she receives the gifts; she downward glides,
 Lights in Fleet-ditch, and shoots beneath the tides.

160

Now dawns the morn, the sturdy lad awakes,
 Leaps from his stall, his tangled hair he shakes,
 Then leaning o'er the rails, he musing stood,
 And view'd below the black canal of mud,
 Where common-shores a lulling murmur keep,
 Whose torrents rush from Holborn's fatal steep:
 Pensive through idleness, tears flow'd apace,
 Which eas'd his loaded heart, and wash'd his face;
 At length he sighing cry'd; that boy was blest,
 Whose infant lips have drain'd a mother's breast;
 But happier far are those, (if such be known)
 Whom both a father and a mother own:
 But I, alas! hard fortune's utmost scorn,
 Who ne'er knew parent, was an orphan born!
 Some boys are rich by birth beyond all wants,
 Belov'd by uncles, and kind good old aunts;
 When time comes round, a christmas box they bear,
 And one day makes them rich for all the year.
 Had I the precepts of a father learn'd,
 Perhaps I then the coachman's fare had earn'd,

170

180

For lesser boys can drive; I thirsty stand
And see the double flaggon charge their hand, 190
See them puff off the froth, and gulp amain,
While with dry tongue I lick my lips in vain.

While thus he fervent prays, the heaving tide
In widen'd circles beats on either side;
The goddess rose amid the inmost round,
With wither'd turnip-tops her temples crown'd;
Low reach'd her dipping tresses, lank, and black
As the smooth jet, or glossy raven's back;
Around her waist a circling eel was twin'd,
Which bound her robe that hung in rags behind. 200
Now beck'ning to the boy; she thus begun,
Thy prayers are granted; weep no more, my son:
Go thrive. at some frequented corner stand,
This brush I give thee, grasp it in thy hand.
Temper the foot within this vase of oil,
And let the little tripod aid thy toil;
On this methinks I see the walking crew
At thy request support the miry shoe,
The foot grows black that was with dirt embrown'd,
And in thy pockets gingling halfpence sound. 210
The goddess plunges swift beneath the flood,
And dashes all around her show'rs of mud;
The youth straight chose his post; the labour ply'd
Where branching streets from Charing-cross divide;
His treble voice resound, along the Meuse,
And White-hall echoes — 'Clean your Honour's
'shoes.'

Like the sweet ballad, this amusing lay
Too long detains the walker on his way;
While he attends new dangers round him throng;
The busy city asks instructive song. 220

Where elevated o'er the gaping croud,
 Clasp'd in the board the perjur'd head is bow'd,
 Betimes retreat; here, thick as hailstones pour,
 Turnips, and half-hatch'd eggs, (a mingled show'r)
 Among the rabble rain: some random throw
 May with the trickling yolk thy cheek o'erflow.

Though expedition bids, yet never stray
 Where no rang'd posts defend the rugged way.
 Here laden carts with thundring waggons meet,
 Wheels clash with wheels, and bar the narrow street;
 The lashing whip resounds, the horses strain,
 And blood in anguish bursts the swelling vein.
 O barb'rous men, your cruel beasts assuage,
 Why vent you on the gen'rous steed your rage?
 Does not his service earn you daily bread?
 Your wives, your children, by his labours fed!
 If, as the Samian taught, the soul revives,
 And, shifting seats, in other bodies lives:
 Severe shall be the brutal coachman's change,
 Doom'd in a hackney horse the town to range: 240
 Carmen, transform'd, the groaning load shall draw,
 Whom other tyrants with the lash shall awe.

Who would of Watling-street the dangers share,
 When the broad pavement of Cheapside is near?
 Or who * that rugged street would traverse o'er,
 That stretches, O Fleet-ditch, from thy black shore
 To the Tow'r's moated walls! here steams ascend,
 That, in mix'd fumes, the winkled nose offend.
 Where chandlers cauldrons boil; where fishy prey
 Hide the wet stall, long absent from the sea; 250
 And where the clever chops the heifer's spoil,
 And where huge hogheads sweat with trainy oil,

* *Thames-street.*

Thy breathing nostril hold, but how shall I
 Pass, where in piles † Carnavian cheeses lie;
 Cheese, that the table's closing rites denies,
 And bids me with the unwilling chaplain rise.

O bear me to the paths of fair Pell-mell,
 Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy smell;
 At distance rolls along the gilded coach,
 Nor sturdy carmen on thy walks encroach; 260
 No lets would bar thy ways were chairs deny'd
 The soft supports of laziness and pride;
 Shops breathe perfumes, thro' sashes ribbons glow,
 The mutual arms of ladies, and the beau.
 Yet still ev'n here, when rains the passage hide,
 Oft' the loose stones spirts up a muddy tide
 Beneath thy careless foot; and from on high,
 Where masons mount the ladder, fragments fly;
 Mortar, and crumbled lime in show'rs descend,
 And o'er thy head destructive tiles impend. 270

But sometimes let me leave the noisy roads,
 And silent wander in the close abodes
 Where wheels ne'er shake the ground; there pensive
 stray,
 In studious thought the long uncrowded way.
 Here I remark each walker's diff'rent face,
 And in their look their various bus'ness trace.
 The broker here his spacious beaver wears,
 Upon his brow sit jealousies and cares;
 Bent on some mortgage (to avoid reproach)
 He seeks bye streets, and save th' expensive coach. 280
 Soft, at low doors, old letchers tap their cane,
 For fair recluse, who travels Drury lane;
 Here roams uncomb'd the lavish rake, to shun
 His Fleet-street draper's everlasting dun.

† *Cheshire anciently so called.*

Careful observers, studious of the town,
 Shun the misfortunes that disgrace the clown;
 Untempted, they contemn the jugler's feats,
 Pass by the Meuse, nor try the † thimbles cheats.
 When drays bound high, they never cross behind,
 Where bubbling yeast is blown by gusts of wind: 290
 And when up Ludgate-hill huge carts move slow,
 Far from the straining steeds securely go,
 Whose dashing hoofs behind them fling the mire,
 And mark with muddy blots the gazing 'squire.
 The Parthian thus his jav'lin backward throws,
 And as he flies infests pursuing foes.

The thoughtless wits shall frequent forfeits pay,
 Who 'gainst their centry's box discharge their tea.
 Do thou some court, or secret corner seek,
 Nor flush with shame the passing virgin's cheek. 300

Yet let me not descend to trivial song,
 Nor vulgar circumstance my verse prolong;
 Why should I teach the maid when torrents pour,
 Her head to shelter from the sudden show'r?
 Nature will best her ready hand inform,
 With her spread petticoat to fence the storm.
 Does not each walker know the warning sign,
 When wisps of straw depend upon the twine
 Cross the close street; that then the paver's art
 Renews the ways, deny'd to coach and cart? 310
 Who knows not that the coachman lashing by,
 Oft with his flourish cuts the heedless eye;
 And when he takes his stand, to wait a fare,
 His horses foreheads shun the winter's air?
 Nor will I roam when summer's sultry rays
 Parch the dry ground, and spread with dust the ways;

† A cheat commonly practis'd in the streets with three thimbles
 and a little ball.

With whirling gusts the rapid atoms rise,
Smoke o'er the pavement, and involve the skies.

Winter my theme confines; whose nitry wind
Shall crust the flabby mire, and kennels bind; 320
She bids the snow descend in flaky sheets,
And in her hoary mantle cloath the streets.

Let not the virgin tread these slipp'ry roads,
The gath'ring fleece the hollow patten loads;
But if thy footsteps slide with clotted frost,
Strike off the breaking balls against the post.

On silent wheel the passing coaches roll;
Oft look behind and ward the threatening pole.
In harden'd orbs the school-boy moulds the snow,
To mark the coachman with a dextrous throw. 330

Why do ye, boys, the kennel's surface spread,
To tempt with faithless paws the matron's tread?
How can ye laugh to see the damsel spurn,
Sink in your frauds, and her green stocking mourn?

At White's the harness'd chairman idly stands,
And swings around his waste his tingling hands:
The sempstres speeds to 'Change with red-tipt nose;
The Belgian stove beneath her footstool glows;

In half-whipt muslin needles usefess lie,
And shuttle-cocks across the counter fly. 340
These sports warm harmless; why then will ye prove,
Deluded maids the dang'rous flame of love?

Where Covent-Garden's famous temple stands,
That boasts the work of Jones' immortal hands;
Columns with plain magnificence appear,
And graceful porches lead along the square:

Here oft my course I bend, when lo! from far,
I spy the furies of the foot-ball war,
The 'prentice quits his shop, to join the crew,
Increasing crowds the flying game pursue. 350

Thus, as you roll the ball o'er snowy ground,
 The gath'ring globe augments with every round.
 But whither shall I run? the throng draws nigh,
 The ball now skims the street, now soars on high;
 The dext'rous glazier strong returns the bound,
 And gingling fashes on the pent-house sound.

O roving muse, recal that wond'rous year,
 When winter reign'd in bleak Britannia's air;
 When hoary Thames, with frosted oziers crown'd,
 Was three long moons in icy fetters bound, 360
 The waterman, forlorn along the shore,
 Pensive reclines upon his usefess oar,
 See harness'd steeds desert the stony town;
 And wander roads unstable, not their own:
 Wheels o'er the harden'd waters smoothly glide,
 And rase with whiten'd tracks the slipp'ry tide.
 Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,
 And scarce the spit can turn the steer entire.
 Booths sudden hide the Thames, long streets appear,
 And num'rous games proclaim the crowded fair. 370
 So when a gen'ral bids the martial train
 Spread their encampment o'er the spacious plain;
 Thick-rising tents a canvas city build,
 And the loud dice resound thro' all the field.

'Twas here the matron found a doleful fate:
 Let elegiac lay the woe relate,
 Soft as the breath of distant flutes, at hours
 When silent ev'ning closes up the flow'rs;
 Lulling as falling water's hollow noise;
 Indulging grief, like Philomela's voice. 380

Doll ev'ry day had walk'd these treach'rous roads;
 Her neck grew warpt beneath autumnal loads
 Of various fruit; she now a basket bore,
 That head alas! shall basket bear no more.

Each booth she frequent past, in quest of gain,
 And boys with pleasure heard her shrilling strain.
 Ah Doll! all mortals must resign their breath,
 And industry itself submit to death!
 The cracking crystal yields, she sinks, she dies,
 Her head, chopt off, from her lost shoulders flies; 390
 Pippins she cry'd, but death her voice confounds,
 And pip-pip-pip along the ice resounds.

So when the Thracian furies Orpheus tore,
 And left his bleeding trunk deform'd with gore,
 His sever'd head floats down the silver tide,
 His yet warm tongue for his lost consort cry'd;
 Eurydice with quiv'ring voice he mourn'd,
 And Heber's banks Eurydice return'd.

But now the western gale the flood unbinds,
 And black'ning clouds move on with warmer winds.
 The wooden town its frail foundation leaves, 401
 And Thames' full urn rolls down his plenteous waves;
 From ev'ry pent-house streams the fleeting snow,
 And with dissolving frost the pavements flow.

Experienc'd men, inur'd to city ways,
 Need not the calendar to count their days.
 When through the town with slow and solemn air,
 Led by the nostril, walks the muzled bear;
 Behind him moves majestically dull,
 The pride of Hockley-hole, the furly bull; 410
 Learn hence the periods of the week to name,
 Mondays and Thursdays are the days of game.

When fishy stalls with double store are laid;
 The golden-belly'd carp, the broad-finn'd maid,
 Red-speckled trouts, the salmon's silver jowl,
 The jointed lobster, and unscaly soale,
 And luscious 'scallops to allure the tastes
 Of rigid zealots to delicious fasts;

Wednesdays and Fridays you'll observe from hence,
Days, when our fires were doom'd to abstinence. 420

When dirty waters from balconies drop,
And dex'trous damsels twirl the sprinkling mop,
And cleanse the spatter'd fash, and scrub the stairs;
Know Saturday's conclusive morn appears.

Successive cries the season's change declare,
And mark the monthly progress of the year.
Hark, how the streets with treble voices ring,
To sell the bounteous product of the spring!
Sweet-smelling flow'rs, and elder's early bud,
With nettle's tender shoots, to cleanse the blood: 430
And when June's thunder cools the sultry skies,
Ev'n Sundays are profan'd by mackrell cries.

Walnuts the fruit'rer's hand, in autumn, stain,
Blue plumbs and juicy pears augment his gain;
Next oranges the longing boys entice,
To trust their copper fortunes to the dice.

When rosemary, and bays the poet's crown,
Are bawl'd in frequent cries through all the town;
Then judge the festival of Christmas near,
Christmas the joyous period of the year. 440

Now with bright holly all your temples strow,
With laurel green, and sacred mistletoe.

Now, heav'n-born Charity, thy blessings shed;
Bid meagre want uprear her sickly head:
Bid shiv'ring limbs be warm; let plenty's bowl
In humble roofs make glad the needy soul.

See, see, the heav'n-born maid her blessings shed;
Lo! meagre Want uprears her sickly head;
Cloath'd are the naked, and the needy glad,
While selfish avarice alone is sad.

Proud coaches pass regardless of the moan
Of infant orphans, and the widow's groan;

While charity still moves the walker's mind,
 His lib'ral purse relieves the lame and blind,
 Judiciously thy half-pence are bestow'd,
 Where the laborious beggar sweeps the road.
 Wate'er you give, give ever at demand,
 Nor let old age long stretch his palsy'd hand,
 Those who give late are importun'd each day,
 And still are teiz'd because they still delay. 460

If e'er the miser durst his farthings spare,
 He thinly spreads them through the publick square,
 Where, all beside the rail, rang'd beggars lie,
 And from each other catch the doleful cry;
 With heav'n, for two-pence, cheaply wipes his score,
 Lifts up his eyes, and hastes to beggar more.

Where the brass knocker, wrapt in flannel band,
 Forbids the thunder of the footman's hand;
 Th' upholder, rueful harbinger of death,
 Waits with impatience for the dying breath; 470
 As vultures, o'er a camp, with hov'ring flight,
 Snuff up the future carnage of the fight.
 Here canst thou pass, unmindful of a pray'r,
 That heav'n in mercy may thy brother spare?

Come, F*** sincere, experienc'd friend,
 Thy briefs, thy deeds, and e'en thy fees suspend;
 Come let us leave the temple's silent walls,
 Me bus'ness to my distant lodging calls:
 Through the long Strand together let us stray:
 With thee conversing I forget the way. 480
 Behold that narrow street which steep descends,
 Whose building to the slimy shore extends;
 Here Arundel's fam'd structure rear'd its frame,
 The street alone retains the empty name:
 Where Titian's glowing paint the canvas warm'd,
 And Raphael's fair design, with judgment, charm'd,

Now hangs the bell-man's song, and pasted here
 The colour'd prints of Overton appear.
 Where statues breath'd, the work of Phidias' hands,
 A wooden pump, or lonely watch-house stands. 490
 There Essex' stately pile adorn'd the shore,
 There Cecil's, Bedford's, Villers', now no more.
 Yet Burlington's fair palace still remains;
 Beauty within, without proportion reigns.
 Beneath his eye declining art revives,
 The wall with animated picture lives;
 There Hendel strikes the strings, the melting strain
 Transports the soul, and thrills through ev'ry vein;
 There oft I enter, (but with cleaner shoes)
 For Burlington's belov'd by ev'ry muse.

O ye associate walkers, O my friends,
 Upon your state what happiness attends!
 What, though no coach to frequent visit rolls,
 Nor for your shilling chairmen sling their poles;
 Yet still your nerves rheumatick pains defy,
 Nor lazy jaundice dulls your saffron eye:
 No wasting cough discharges sounds of death,
 Nor wheezing asthma heaves in vain for breath;
 Nor from your restless couch is heard the groan
 Of burning gout, or sedentary stone. 510
 Let others in the jolting coach confide,
 Or in the leaky boat the Thames divide;
 Or, box'd within the chair, condemn the street,
 And trust their safety to another's feet,
 Still let me walk; for oft the sudden gale
 Ruffles the tide, and shifts the dang'rous sail.
 Then shall the passenger too late deplore
 The whelming billow, and the faithless oar;
 The drunken chairman in the kennel spurns,
 The glasses shatters, and his charge o'erturns. 520

Who can recount the coach's various harms,
The legs disjointed, and the broken arms?

I've seen a beau, in some ill-fated hour,
When o'er the stones choak'd kennels swell the show'r
In gilded chariot loll, he with disdain
Views spatter'd passengers all drench'd in rain;
With mud fill'd high, the rumbling cart draws near,
Now rule thy prancing steeds, lac'd charioteer!
The dust man lashes on with spiteful rage,
His pond'rous spokes thy painted wheel engage, 530
Crush'd is thy pride, down falls the shrieking beau,
The flabby pavement crystal fragments strow,
Black floods of mire th' embroider'd coat disgrace,
And mud enwraps the honours of his face.
So when dread Jove the son of Phoebus hurl'd,
Scarr'd with dark thunder, to the nether world;
The headstrong couriers tore the silver reins,
And the sun's beamy ruin gilds the plains.

If the pale walker pant with weak'ning ills,
His sickly hand is stor'd with friendly bills: 540
From hence he learns the seventh-born doctor's fame,
From hence he learns the cheapest tailor's name.

Shall the large mutton smoke upon your boards?
Such, Newgate's copious market best affords.
Wouldst thou with mighty beef augment thy meal?
Seek Leaden-hall, St. James's sends thee veal,
Thames-street gives cheeses; Covent-garden fruits;
Moor-fields old books; and Monmouth-street old suits.
Hence mayst thou well supply the wants of life,
Support thy family, and clothe thy wife. 550

Volumes, on shelter'd stalls expanded lie,
And various science lures the learned eye;
The bending shelves with pond'rous scholiasts groan,
And deep divines to modern shops unknown:

Here, like the bee, that on industrious wing
 Collects the various odours of the spring,
 Walkers, at leisure, learning's flow'rs may spoil,
 Nor watch the wasting of the midnight oil,
 May morals snatch from Plutarch's tatter'd page,
 A mildew'd Bacon, or Stagyra's sage. 560

Here saunt'ring prentices o'er Otway weep,
 O'er Congreve smile, or over D** sleep;
 Pleas'd semstresses the Lock's fam'd Rape unfold,
 And † Squirts read Garth, 'till apozems grow cold.

O Lintot, let my labours obvious lie,
 Rang'd on thy stall, for ev'ry curious eye;
 So shall the poor these precepts gratis know,
 And to my verse their future safeties owe.

What walker shall his mean ambition fix
 On the false lustre of a coach and six? 570
 Let the vain virgin, lur'd by glaring show,
 Sigh for the liv'ries of th' embroider'd beau.

See yon bright chariot on its braces swing,
 With Flanders mares, and on an arched spring!
 That wretch to gain an equipage and place,
 Betray'd his sister to a lewd embrace.
 This coach that with the blazon'd 'scutcheon glows,
 Vain of his unknown race, the coxcomb shows.
 Here the brib'd lawyer, sunk in velvet, sleeps;
 The starving orphan, as he passes, weeps; 580
 There flames a fool, begirt with tinsell'd slaves,
 Who wastes the wealth of a whole race of knaves.
 That other, with a clustring train behind,
 Owes his new honours to a fordid mind.

† The name of an apothecary's boy, in the poem of the Dispensary.

This next in court-fidelity excells,
The publick rifles, and his country sells.
May the proud chariot never be my fate,
If purchas'd at so mean, so dear a rate;
O rather give me sweet content on foot,
Wrapt in my virtue, and a good Surtout!

TRIVIA.

BOOK III.

OF WALKING THE STREETS BY NIGHT.

O TRIVIA goddess, leave these low abodes,
 And traverse o'er the wide etherial roads,
 Celestial queen, put on thy robes of light,
 Now Cynthia nam'd, fair regent of the night.
 At sight of thee the villain sheaths his sword,
 Nor scales the wall, to steal the wealthy hoard.
 O may thy silver lamp from heaven's high bow'r
 Direct my footsteps in the midnight hour!

When night first bids the twinkling stars appear,
 Or with her cloudy vest inwraps the air, 10
 Then swarms the busy street; with caution tread
 Where the shop-windows falling threat thy head;
 Now lab'ers home return, and join their strength
 To bear the tott'ring plank, or ladder's length;
 Still fix thy eyes intent upon the throng,
 And as the passes open, wind along.

Where the fair columns of St. Clement stand,
 Whose straiten'd bounds encroach upon the Strand;
 Where the low pent-house bows the walker's head, 20
 And the rough pavement wounds the yielding tread;
 Where not a post protects the narrow space,
 And strung in twines, combs dangle in thy face;
 Summon at once thy courage, rouse thy care,
 Stand firm, look back, be resolute, beware,

Forth issuing from steep lanes, the collier's steeds
 Drag the black load; another cart succeeds,
 Team follows team, crowds heap'd on crowds appear,
 And wait impatient, 'till the road grow clear.
 Now all the pavement sounds with trampling feet,
 And the mixt hurry barricades the street, 30
 Entangled here, the waggon's lengthen'd team
 Cracks the tough harness; here a pond'rous beam
 Lies over-turn'd athwart; for slaughter fed
 Here lowing bullocks raise their horned head.
 Now oaths grow loud, with coaches coaches jar,
 And the smart blow provokes the sturdy war;
 From the high box they whirl the thong around,
 And with the twining lash their shins resound:
 Their rage ferments, more dang'rous wounds they try,
 And the blood gushes down their painful eye, 40
 And now on foot the frowning warriors light,
 And with their pond'rous fists renew the fight;
 Blow answers blow, their cheeks are smear'd with blood,
 'Till down they fall, and grappling roll in mud.
 So when two boars, in wild † Ytene bred,
 Or on Westphalia's fatt'ning chesnuts fed,
 Gnash their sharp tusks, and rous'd with equal fire,
 Dispute the reign of some luxurious mire;
 In the black flood they wallow o'er and o'er,
 'Till their arm'd jaws distil with foam and gore. 50

Where the mob gathers, swiftly shoot along,
 Nor idly mingle in the noisy throng.
 Lur'd by the silver hilt, amid the swarm,
 The subtil artist will thy side disarm.
 Nor is the flaxen wig with safety worn;
 High on the shoulder, in a basket born,

† *New-Forest in Hampshire, anciently so called.*

Lurks the fly boy; whose hand to rapine bred,
Plucks off the curling honours of thy head.
Here dives the skulking thief, with practis'd flight,
And unfelt fingers make thy pocket light. 60
Where's now thy watch, with all its trinkets, flown;
And thy late snuff-box is no more thy own.
But lo! his bolder thefts some tradesman spies,
Swift from his prey the scudding lurcher flies;
Dext'rous he 'scapes the coach with nimble bounds,
Whilst ev'ry honest tongue 'stop thief' resounds.
So speeds the wily fox, alarm'd by fear,
Who lately filch'd the turkey's callow care;
Hounds following hounds, grow louder as he flies,
And injur'd tenants join the hunter's cries. 70
Breathless he stumbling falls: ill fated boy!
Why did not honest work thy youth employ?
Seiz'd by rough hands, he's dragg'd amid the rout,
And stretch'd beneath the pump's incessant spout:
Or plung'd in miry ponds, he gasping lies,
Mud choaks his mouth, and plaisters o'er his eyes.

Let not the ballad-finger's shrilling strain
Amid the swarm thy list'ning ear detain:
Guard well thy pocket; for these Sirens stand,
To aid the labours of the diving hand; 80
Confed'rate in the cheat, they draw the throng,
And cambrick handkerchiefs reward the song.
But soon as coach or cart drives rattling on,
The rabble part, in shoals they backward run.
So Jove's loud bolts the mingled war divide,
And Greece and Troy retreat on either side.

If the rude throng pour on with furious pace,
And hap to break thee from a friend's embrace,
Stop short; nor struggle through the crowd in vain,
But watch with careful eye the passing train. 90

Yet I (perhaps too fond) if chance the tide
'Tumultuous, bear my partner from my side,
Impatient venture back; despising harm,
I force my passage where the thickest swarm.
Thus his lost bride the Trojan fought in vain
Through night, and arms, and flames, and hills of slain.
Thus Nisus wander'd o'er the pathless grove,
To find the brave companion of his love,
The pathless grove in vain he wanders o'er:
Euryalus, alas! is now no more.

100

That walker, who regardless of his pace,
Turns oft to pore upon the damsel's face,
From side to side by thrusting elbows toft,
Shall strike his aking breast against the post;
Or water dash'd from fishy stalls shall stain
His hapless coat with spirts of scaly rain.
But if unwarily he chance to stray,
Where twirling turnstiles intercept the way,
The thwarting passenger shall force them round,
And beat the wretch half breathless to the ground.

110

Let constant vigilance thy footsteps guide,
And wary circumspection guard thy side;
Then shalt thou walk unharm'd the dang'rous night,
Nor need th' officious link-boy's smoaky light.
Thou never wilt attempt to cross the road,
Where alehouse benches rest the porter's load,
Grievous to heedless shins; no barrow's wheel,
That bruises oft the truant school-boy's heel.
Behind thee rolling, with insidious pace,
Shall mark thy stocking with a miry trace.

120

Let not thy vent'rous steps approach too nigh,
Where gaping wide, low steepy cellars lie;
Should thy shoe wrench aside, down, down you fall,
And overturn the scolding huckster's stall,

The scolding huckster shall not o'er thee moan,
But pence exact for nuts and pears o'erthrown.

Though you through cleaner alleys wind by day,
To shun the hurries of the public way,
Yet ne'er to those dark paths by night retire;
Mind only safety and condemn the mire, 130
Then no impervious courts thy haste detain,
Nor sneering alewives bid thee turn again.

Where Lincoln's-Inn, wide space is rail'd around,
Cross not with vent'rous steps, there oft is found
The lurking thief, who while the day-light shone,
Made the walls echo with his begging tone;
That crutch which late compassion mov'd, shall wound
Thy bleeding head, and fell thee to the ground.
Though thou art tempted by the link-man's call,
Yet trust him not along the lonely wall; 140
In the midway he'll quench the flaming brand,
And share the booty with the pilf'ring band.
Still keep the public streets, where oily rays
Shot from the crystal lamp, o'erspread the ways.

Happy Augusta! law-defended town!
Here no dark lanthorns shade the villain's frown;
No Spanish jealousies thy lanes infest,
Nor Roman vengeance stabs the unwary breast;
Here tyranny ne'er lifts her purple hand,
But liberty and justice guard the land; 150
No bravos here profess the bloody trade,
Nor is the church the murd'rer's refuge made.

Let not the chairman with assuming stride,
Press near the wall, and rudely thrust thy side;
The laws have set him bounds; his servile feet
Should ne'er encroach where posts defend the street.
Yet who the footman's arrogance can quell,
Whose flambeau gilds the fashes of Pell-mell,

When in long rank a train of torches flame,
To light the midnight visits of the dame? 160
Others, perhaps, by happier guidance led,
May where the chairman rests with safety tread;
Whene'er I pass, their poles unseen below,
Make my knee tremble with the jarring blow.

If wheels bar up the road where streets are crost,
With gentle words the coachman's ear accost:
He ne'er the threat, or harsh command obeys,
But with contempt the spatter'd shoe surveys.
Now man with utmost fortitude thy soul,
To cross the way where carts and coaches roll; 170
Yet do not in thy hardy skill confide,
Nor rashly risque the kennel's spacious stride;
Stay till afar the distant wheel you hear,
Like dying thunder in the breaking air;
Thy foot will slide upon the miry stone,
And passing coaches crush thy tortur'd bone,
Or wheels inclose the road; on either hand
Pent round with perils, in the midst you stand,
And call for aid in vain; the coachman swears,
And car-men drive, unmindful of thy prayers. 180
Where wilt thou turn? ah! whither wilt thou fly?
On ev'ry side the pressing spokes are nigh.
So sailors, while Charybdis' gulph they shun,
Amaz'd, on Scylla's craggy dangers run.

Be sure observe where brown Ostrea stands,
Who boasts her shelly ware from Wallfleet sands;
There may'st thou pass, with safe unmiry feet,
Where the rais'd pavement leads athwart the street.
If where Fleet ditch with muddy current flows,
You chance to roam; where oyster tubs in rows 190
Are rang'd beside the posts; there stay thy haste,
And with the sav'ry fish indulge thy taste:

The damsel's knife the gaping shell commands,
While the salt liquor streams between her hands.

The man had sure a palate cover'd o'er
With brass or steel, that on the rocky shore
First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat,
And risk'd the living morsel down his throat.
What will not lux'ry taste? earth, sea, and air
Are daily ranfack'd for the bill of fare. 200

Blood stuff'd in skins is British christian's food,
And France robs marshes of the croaking brood;
Spongy morells in strong ragousts are found,
And in the soupe the slimy snail is drown'd.

When from high spouts the dashing torrents fall,
Ever be watchful to maintain the wall;
For should'st thou quit thy ground, the rushing throng
Will with impetuous fury drive along;
All press to gain those honours thou hast lost,
And rudely shove thee far without the post. 210
Then to retrieve the shed you strive in vain,
Draggled all o'er, and soak'd in floods of rain.
Yet rather bear the show'r, and toils of mud,
Than in the doubtful quarrel risque thy blood.
O think on Oedipus' detested state,
And by his woes be warn'd to shun thy fate.

Where three roads join'd, he met his fire unknown;
(Unhappy fire, but more unhappy son!)
Each claim'd the way, their swords the strife decide,
The hoary monarch fell, he groan'd and dy'd! 220
Hence sprung the fatal plague that thin'd thy reign,
Thy cursed incest! and thy children slain!
Hence wert thou doom'd in endless night to stray
Through Theban streets, and cheerless grope thy way.

Contemplate, mortal, on thy fleeting years;
See, with black train the funeral pomp appears!

Whether some heir attends in sable state,
 And mourns with outward grief a parent's fate;
 Or the fair virgin, nipt in beauty's bloom,
 A crowd of lovers follow to her tomb. 230

Why is the herse with 'scutcheons blazon'd round,
 And with the nodding plume of Ostrich crown'd?
 No: the dead know it not, nor profit gain;
 It only serves to prove the living vain.

How short is life? how frail is human trust?
 Is all this pomp for laying dust to dust!

Where the nail'd hoop defends the painted stall,
 Brush not thy sweeping skirt too near the wall;
 Thy heedless sleeve will drink the colour'd oil,
 And spot indelible thy pocket foil. 240

Has not wise nature strung the legs and feet
 With firmest nerves, design'd to walk the street?
 Has she not given us hands to grope aright,
 Amidst the frequent dangers of the night?
 And think'st thou not the double nostril meant,
 To warn from oily woes by previous scent?

† Who can the various city frauds recite,
 With all the petty rapines of the night?
 Who now the guinea-dropper's bait regards,
 Trick'd by the sharper's dice, or juggler's cards! 250
 Why should I warn thee ne'er to join the fray,
 Where the sham-quarrel interrupts the way?
 Lives there in these our days so soft a clown,
 Brav'd by the bully's oaths or threatening frown;
 I need not strict enjoin the pocket's care,
 When from the crowded play thou lead'st the fair;
 Who has not here, or watch, or snuff-box lost,
 Or handkerchiefs that India's shuttle boast?

† Various cheats formerly in practice.

O! may thy virtue guard thee through the roads
Of Drury's mazy courts, and dark abodes. 260
The harlot's guileful paths, who nightly stand,
Where Katharine-street descends into the Strand.
Say, vagrant muse, their wiles and subtil arts,
To lure the strangers unsuspecting hearts:
So shall our youth on healthful sinews tread,
And city cheeks grow warm with rural red.

'Tis she who nightly strowls with faun'ring pace,
No stubborn stays her yielding shape embrace;
Beneath the lamp her tawdry ribbons glare,
The new-scower'd manteau, and the flattern air; 270
High-draggled petticoats her travels show,
And hollow cheeks with artful blushes glow;
With flatt'ring sounds she sooths the cred'lous ear,
My noble captain! charmer! love! my dear!
In riding-hood near tavern-doors she plies,
Or muffled pinner's hide her livid eyes.
With empty banbox she delights to range,
And feigns a distant errand from the Change;
Nay, she will oft the quaker's hood prophane,
And trudge demure the rounds of Drury-lane. 280
She darts from farfnet ambush wily leers,
Twitches thy sleeve, or with familiar airs
Her fan will pat thy cheek; these snares disdain,
Nor gaze behind thee when she turns again.

I knew a yeoman, who for thirst of gain
To the great city drove from Devon's plain
His num'rous lowing herd; his herds he sold,
And his deep leathern pocket bagg'd with gold;
Drawn by a fraudulent nymph, he gaz'd, he sigh'd;
Unmindful of his home, and distant bride, 290
She leads the willing victim to his doom,
Through winding alleys to her cobweb room.

Thence through the street he reels, from post to post,
 Valiant with wine, nor knows his treasure lost.
 The vagrant wretch the assembled watchmen spies,
 He waves his hanger, and their poles defies;
 Deep in the Round-house pent, all night he snores,
 And the next morn in vain his fate deplores.

Ah hapless swain, unus'd to pains and ills!
 Canst thou forego roast-beef for nauseous pills? 300
 How wilt thou lift to Heav'n thy eyes and hands,
 When the long scroll the surgeon's fees demands!
 Or else (ye gods avert that worst disgrace)
 Thy ruin'd nose falls level with thy face,
 Then shall thy wife thy loathsome kifs disdain,
 And wholesome neighbours from thy mug refrain.

Yet there are watchmen who with friendly light
 Will teach thy reeling steps to tread aright;
 For sixpence will support thy helpless arm,
 And home conduct thee, safe from nightly harm; 310
 But if they shake their lanthorns, from afar
 To call their breth'ren to confed'rate war
 When rakes resist their pow'r; if hapless you
 Should chance to wander with the scow'ring crew;
 Though fortune yield thee captive, ne'er despair,
 But seek the constable's confid'rate ear;
 He will reverse the watchman's harsh decree,
 Mov'd by the rhet'ric of a silver fee.
 Thus would you gain some fav'rite courtier's word:
 Fee not the petty clerks, but bribe my lord. 320

Now is the time that rakes their revels keep:
 Kindlers of riot, enemies of sleep.
 His scatter'd pence the flying † Nicker flings,
 And with the copper show'r the casement rings.

† *Gentlemen who delighted to break windows with half-pence.*

Who has not heard the Scowrer's midnight fame?
 Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name?
 Was there a watchman took his hourly rounds,
 Safe from their blows, or new-invented wounds?
 I pass their desp'rate deeds, and mischiefs done
 Where from Snow-hill black steepy torrents run ; 330
 How matrons, hoop'd within the hoghead's womb,
 Were tumbled furious thence, the rolling tomb
 O'er the stones thunders, bounds from side to side,
 So Regulus to save his country dy'd.

Where a dim gleam the paly lanthorn throws
 O'er the mid pavement, heapy rubbish grows ;
 Or arched vaults their gaping jaws extend,
 Or the dark caves to common shores descend.
 Oft by the winds extinct the signal lies,
 Or smothered in the glimmering socket dies, 340
 Ere night has half roll'd round her ebon throne ;
 In the wide gulph the shatter'd coach o'erthrown
 Sinks with the snorting steeds ; the reins are broke,
 And from the crackling axle flies the spoke.
 So when fam'd Eddystone's far-shooting ray
 That led the sailor through the stormy way,
 Was from its rocky roots by billows torn,
 And the high turret in the whirlwind born,
 Fleets bulg'd their sides against the craggy land,
 And pitchy ruins blacken'd all the Strand. 350

Who then through night would hire the harness'd
 steed,
 And who would chuse the rattling wheel for speed?
 But hark ! distress with screaming voice draws
 nigh'r,
 And wakes the slumb'ring street with cries of fire.
 At first a glowing red enwraps the skies,
 And born by winds the scatt'ring sparks arise :

From beam to beam the fierce contagion spreads;
The spiry flames now lift aloft their heads,
Through the burst sash a blazing deluge pours,
And splitting tiles descend in rattling show'rs. 360
Now with thick crowds th' enlighten'd pavement
 swarms,
The fireman sweats beneath his crooked arms,
A leathern casque his vent'rous head defends,
Boldly he climbs where thickest smoke ascends;
Mov'd by the mother's streaming eyes and pray'rs,
The helpless infant through the flame he bears,
With no less virtue, than through hostile fire
The Dardan hero bore his aged fire.
See forceful engines spout their levell'd streams,
To quench the blaze that runs along the beams; 370
The grappling hook plucks rafters from the walls,
And heaps on heaps the smoaky ruine falls.
Blown by strong winds the fiery tempest roars,
Bears down new walls, and pours along the floors;
The heav'ns are all a-blaze, the face of night
Is cover'd with a sanguine dreadful light:
'Twas such a light involv'd thy tow'rs, O Rome,
The dire presage of mighty Caesar's doom,
When the sun veil'd in rust his mourning head,
And frightful prodigies the skies o'erspread. 380
Hark! the drum thunders! far, ye crowds, retire:
Behold! the ready match is tipt with fire,
The nitrous store is laid, the smutty train
With running blaze awakes the barrell'd grain;
Flames sudden wrap the walls; with sullen sound
The shatter'd pile sinks on the smoaky ground.
So when the years shall have revolv'd the date,
Th' inevitable hour of Naples' fate,

Her sapp'd foundations shall with thunder shake,
 And heave and tofs upon the sulph'rous lake; 390
 Earth's womb at once the fiery flood shall rend,
 And in th' abyfs her plunging tow'rs descend.

Consider, reader, what fatigues I've known,
 The toils, the perils of the wintry town;
 What riots seen, what bustling crowds I bor'd,
 How oft I cross'd where carts and coaches roar'd;
 Yet shall I bless my labours, if mankind
 Their future safety from my dangers find.
 Thus the bold traveller, (inur'd to toil,
 Whose steps have printed Asia's desert soil, 400
 The barb'rous Arabs haunt; or shiv'ring crost
 Dark Greenland's mountains of eternal frost:
 Whom providence in length of years restores
 To the wish'd harbour of his native shores;)
 Sets forth his journals to the public view,
 To caution, by his woes, the wandring crew.

And now compleat my gen'rous labours lie,
 Finish'd, and ripe for immortality.
 Death shall entomb in dust this mould'ring frame,
 But never reach th' eternal part, my fame. 410
 When W* and G**, mighty names, are dead;
 Or but at Chelsea under custards read;
 When criticks crazy bandboxes repair,
 And tragedies, turn'd rockets, bounce in air:
 High-rais'd on Fleet-street posts, consign'd to fame,
 This work shall shine, and walkers bless my name.

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THE
WHAT D'YE CALL IT:
A
TRAGI-COMI-PASTORAL
F A R C E.

—*Spirat Tragicum satis, et feliciter audet.* Hor.

—*Locus est et pluribus umbris.* Hor.

THE

WHAT D'YE CALL IT:

A

TRAGICOMIPASTORAL

BY
F. A. R. C. E.

— FIRST TRAGICOMIPASTORAL —

— SECOND TRAGICOMIPASTORAL —

T H E
P R E F A C E.

AS I am the first who have introduced this kind of dramatick entertainment upon the stage, I think it absolutely necessary to say something by way of preface, not only to shew the nature of it, but to answer some objections that have been already rais'd against it by the graver sort of wits, and other interested people.

We have often had tragi-comedies upon the English theatre with success: but in that sort of composition the tragedy and comedy are in distinct scenes, and may be easily separated from each other. but the whole art of the Tragi-Comi-Pastoral Farce lies in interweaving the several kinds of the

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drama with each other, so that they cannot be distinguish'd or separated.

The objections that are rais'd against it as a Tragedy, are as follow.

First, as to the plot, they deny it to be tragical, because its catastrophe is a wedding, which hath ever been accounted comical.

Secondly, As to the characters; that those of a Justice of Peace, a Parish-Clerk, and an Embryo's Ghost, are very improper to the dignity of tragedy, and were never introduc'd by the antients.

Thirdly, They say the sentiments are not tragical, because they are those of the lowest country people.

Lastly, They will not allow the moral to be proper for tragedy, because the end of tragedy being to shew human life in its distresses, imperfections

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and infirmities, thereby to soften the mind of man from its natural obduracy and haughtiness, the moral ought to have the same tendency; but this moral, they say, seems entirely calculated to flatter the audience in their vanity and self-conceitedness.

‘ You all have sense enough to find
‘ it out.’

To the first objection I answer, that it is still a disputable point, even among the best criticks, whether a tragedy may not have a happy Catastrophe; that the French authors are of this opinion, appears from most of their modern tragedies.

In answer to the second objection, I cannot affirm, that any of the antients have either a Justice of Peace, a Parish-Clerk, or an Embryo Ghost in their tragedies; yet whoever will look into

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Sophocles, Euripides, or Seneca, will find that they greatly affected to introduce Nurses in all their pieces, which every one must grant to be an inferior character to a Justice of Peace; in imitation of which also, I have introduced a Grandmother and an Aunt.

To the third objection, which is the meanness of the sentiments, I answer, that the sentiments of princes and clowns have not in reality that difference which they seem to have; their thoughts are almost the same, and they only differ as the same thought is attended with a meanness or pomp of diction, or receive a different light from the circumstances each character is conversant with. but these criticks have forgot the precept of their master Horace, who tells them,

—Tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri.

P R E F A C E.

In answer to the objection against the moral, I have only this to alledge, that the moral of this piece is conceal'd; and morals that are couch'd so as to exercise the judgments of the audience, have not been disapprov'd by the best criticks †. and I would have those that object against it as a piece of flattery, consider, that there is such a figure as the Irony.

The objections against it as a Comedy are,

First, They object to the plot, that it throws the characters into the deepest circumstances of distress: inferiours trampled upon by the tyranny of power, a foldier to be shot for desertion, and an innocent maid in the utmost despair.

Secondly, That Ghosts are introdu-

† See Bossu's Chapter of concealed sentences.

P R E F A C E.

ced, which move terror, a passion not proper to be moved in comedy.

Thirdly, They will not allow the sentiments to be comical, because they are such as naturally flow from the deep distresses above-mentioned. the speech of a dying man, and his last advice to his child, are what one could not reasonably expect should raise the mirth of an audience.

First, That the plot is comical, I argue from the Peripaetia and the catastrophe. Peascod's change of fortune upon the reprieve's being produced, Kitty's distress ending in the discharge of her sweetheart, and the wedding, are all incidents that are truly comical.

To the second objection I answer, That Ghosts have not been omitted in the antient comedy; Aristophanes having laid the scene of his Βαλγαχοι a-

P R E F A C E.

mong the shades; and Plautus has introduced a Lar familiaris in his prologue to the Aulularia, which tho' not actually a ghost, is very little better.

As to the third objection, That the sentiments are not comical, I answer that the ghosts are the only characters which are objected to as improper for comedy, which I have already proved to be justly introduced, as following the manner of the old comedy; but as they allow that the sentiments naturally flow from the characters, those of the Justice, Clowns, &c. which are indisputably comical characters, must be comical. for the sentiments being conveyed in number and rhyme, I have the authority of the best modern French comedies.

The only objection against it as a Pastoral falls upon the characters,

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which they say are partly Pastoral, and partly not so. they insist particularly, that a Serjeant of Grenadiers is not a pastoral character, and that the others are so far from being in the state of innocence, that the clowns are whore-masters, and the damsels with child.

To this I reply, that Virgil talks of soldiers among his shepherds.

‘Impius haec tam culta novalia miles habebit.’

And the character of the serjeant is drawn according to the epithet of Virgil, *Impius Miles*, which may be seen in that speech of his,

*‘You dog, die like a soldier——and
‘be damn’d.*

For, in short, a Soldier to a swain is but just the same thing that a Wolf is to his flocks, and is as naturally talk’d of or introduc’d. as for the rest of the cha-

P R E F A C E.

acters, I can only say I have copied nature, making the youths amorous before wedlock, and the damsels complying and fruitful. those that are the most conversant in the country are the best judges of this sort of nature.

Lastly, They object against it as a Farce.

First, Because the irregularity of the plot should answer to the extravagance of the characters, which they say this piece wants, and therefore is no Farce.

Secondly, They deny the characters to be farcical, because they are actually in nature.

Thirdly, If it was a true Farce, the sentiments ought to be strain'd, to bear a proportional irregularity with the plot and characters.

To the first I answer, that the farcical scene of the ghosts, introduced

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without any coherence with the rest of the piece, might be entirely left out, and would not be allow'd in a regular comedy. there are indeed a great number of dramatic entertainments, where are scenes of this kind; but those pieces in reality are not comedies, but ' five ' Act Farces.'

Secondly, Let the criticks consider only the nature of Farce, that it is made up of absurdities and incongruities, and that those pieces which have these qualities in the greatest degree are the most Farces; and they will allow this to be so from the characters, and particularly from that of the speaking Ghost so an Embryo, in the conclusion of the first act. I have, 'tis true, Aristophanes' authority for things of this sort in comedy, who hath introduced a cho-

P R E F A C E.

rus of Frogs, and made them talk in the following manner:

Βρεκεκεκέξ, κοάξ, κοάξ,

Βρεκεκεκέξ, κοάξ, κοάξ,

Λιμναῖα κρηνῶν τέκνα, &c.

Mr. D'Urfey of our own nation has given all the fowls of the air the faculty of speech equal with the parrot. swans and elbow-chairs in the opera of Dioclesian have danc'd upon the English stage with good success. Shakespear hath some characters of this sort, as a speaking Wall, and Moonshine*. the former he design'd to introduce (as he tells us himself) with 'something rough cast about him,' and the latter comes in with a lanthorn and candle; which in my opinion are cha-

* See his *Midsummer Night's Dream*,

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acters that make a good figure in the modern farce.

Thirdly, The sentiments are truly of the farce kind, as they are the sentiments of the meanest clowns convey'd in the pomp of numbers and rhyme; which is certainly forc'd and out of nature, and therefore farcical.

After all I have said, I would have these criticks only consider, when they object against it as a Tragedy, that I design'd it something of a Comedy; when they cavil at it as a Comedy, that I had partly a view to Pastoral; when they attack it as a Pastoral, that my endeavours were in some degree to write a Farce; and when they would destroy its character as a Farce, that my design was a Tragi-Comi-Pastoral: I believe when they consider this, they will all agree, that I have

P R E F A C E.

happily enough executed what I purposed, which is all I contend for. yet that I might avoid the cavils and misrepresentations of severe critics, I have not call'd it a Tragedy, Comedy, Pastoral, or Farce, but left the name entirely undetermin'd in the doubtful appellation of the 'What d'ye call it,' which name I thought unexceptionable; but I added to it a 'Tragi-Comi-Pastoral Farce,' as it comprized all those several kinds of the Drama.

The judicious reader will easily perceive, that the unities are kept as in the most perfect pieces, that the scenes are unbroken, and poetical justice strictly observ'd; the Ghost of the Embryo and the Parish-girl are entire new characters. I might enlarge further upon the conduct of the particular scenes, and of the piece in general, but shall on-

P R E F A C E.

ly say, that the success this piece has met with upon the stage, gives encouragement to our dramatic writers to follow its model; and evidently demonstrates that this sort of Drama is no less fit for the theatre than those they have succeeded in.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

M E N.

Mr. Miller.	Sir Roger
Mr. Crisp	Sir Humphrey
Mr. Sheppard.	Judge Statute
Mr. Jackson.	George Thomas, Sir Roger's son, alias.
Mr. Pennington.	Thomas Furber.
Mr. Norris.	James Dock, alias Timothy Furber
Mr. Gair.	Patric Miller, the servant
Mr. Brown.	Steward to Sir Roger
Mr. Walker.	Constable
	Corporal
	STAVE, a Parish Clerk
Mr. Norris Jun.	The Chell of a Child mason
	Countrymen, Chells and Soldiers

W O M E N.

Mr. Michael.	Mary, the Steward's Daughter, alias.
	Kitty Cannon
Mrs. Willis Jun.	Dorcas, Patrick's sister
Mrs. Younger.	James, Patrick's Daughter left upon
Mrs. Baker.	the Parish
	Anne
	Christopher.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

M E N.

Sir ROGER	Mr. Miller.
Sir HUMPHRY	Mr. Cross.
Justice STATUTE	Mr. Shepherd.
Squire THOMAS, Sir Roger's Son, <i>alias</i> , Thomas FILBERT.	Mr. Johnson.
Jonas DOCK, <i>alias</i> , Timothy PEASCOD	Mr. Penkethman.
Peter NETTLE, the Serjeant	Mr. Norris.
Steward to Sir Roger	Mr. Quin.
Constable	Mr. Penroy.
Corporal	Mr. Waller.
STAVE, a Parish Clerk	
The Ghost of a Child unborn	Mr. Norris Jun.
Countrymen, Ghosts and Soldiers.	

W O M E N.

KITTY, the Steward's Daughter, <i>alias</i> , Kitty CARROT	Mrs. Bicknell.
DORCAS, Peascod's Sister	Mrs. Willis Sen.
JOYCE, Peascod's Daughter left upon the Parish	Miss Younger.
Aunt	Mrs. Baker.
Grandmother.	

THE
WHAT D'YE CALL IT:

A

TRAGI-COMI-PASTORAL

F A R C E.

SCENE, A Country Justice's Hall, adorn'd with
'Scutcheons and Stags horns.

Enter Steward, Squire, Kitty, Dock, and
others in country habits.

STEWARD.

SO, you are ready in your parts, and in your dress too, I see; your own best clothes do the business. sure never was play and actors so suited. come range yourselves before me, women on the right, and men on the left. Squire Thomas, you make a good figure.

[The actors range themselves.

SQUIRE.

Ay, thanks to Barnaby's Sunday clothes; but call me Thomas Filbert, as I am in the play.

STEWARD.

Chear up, daughter, and make Kitty Carrot the shining part: Squire Thomas is to be in love with you to night, girl.

KITTY.

Ay, I have felt Squire Thomas's love to my cost.

I have little stomach to play, in the condition he hath put me into. [Aside.

STEWARD.

Jonas Dock, dost thou remember thy name?

DOCK.

My name? Jo— Jo— Jonas. no— that was the name my godfathers gave me. my play name is Timothy Pea— Pea— Peascod; ay, Peascod—— and am to be shot for a deserter——

STEWARD.

And you, Dolly?

DOLLY.

An't please ye, I am Dorcas, Peascod's sister, and am to be with child, as it were.

1 COUNTRYMAN.

And I am to take her up, as it were—— I am the Constable.

2 COUNTRYMAN.

And I am to see Tim shot, as it were—— I am the Corporal.

STEWARD.

But what is become of our Serjeant?

DORCAS.

Why Peter Nettle, Peter, Peter. [Enter Nettle.

NETTLE.

These stockings of Susan's cost a woundy deal of pains the pulling on: but what's a serjeant without red stockings?

DOCK.

I'll dress thee, Peter, I'll dress thee. here, stand still, I must twist thy neckcloth; I would make thee hold up thy head, and have a ruddy complexion; but pr'y-thee don't look black in the face, man. [Rolling his neckcloth.] thou must look fierce and dreadful.

[Making whiskers with a burnt cork.] but what shall we do for a grenadier's cap?

STEWARD.

Fetch the leathern bucket that hangs in the belfry; that is curiously painted before, and will make a figure.

NETTLE.

No, no, I have what's worth twenty on't: the pope's mitre, that my master Sir Roger seiz'd, when they would have burnt him at our market-town.

STEWARD.

So, now let ev'ry body withdraw, and prepare to begin the play. [Exeunt actors.] my daughter debauch'd! and by that booby Squire! well, perhaps the conduct of this play may retrieve her folly, and preserve her reputation. poor girl! I cannot forget thy tears.

Enter Sir Roger.

Sir ROGER.

Look ye, Steward, don't tell me you can't bring them in. I will have a ghost; nay, I will have a competence of ghosts. what, shall our neighbours think we are not able to make a ghost? a play without a ghost is like, is like——i'gad it is like nothing.

STEWARD.

Sir, be satisfied; you shall have ghosts.

Sir ROGER.

And is the play as I order'd it, both a tragedy and a comedy? I would have it a pastoral too: and if you could make it a farce, so much the better——and what if you crown'd all with a spice of your opera? you know my neighbours never saw a play before; and d'ye see, I would shew them all sorts of plays under one,

STEWARD.

Sir Roger, it is contrived for that very purpose.

[Enter two Justices.

SIR ROGER.

Neighbours, you are welcome. is not this Steward of mine a pure ingenious fellow now, to make such a play for us these Christmas holydays? [Exit Steward bowing] ——— A rare headpiece! he has it here i'faith. [Pointing to his own head.] but indeed, I gave him the hint——to see now what contrivance some folks have! we have so fitted the parts to my tenants, that every man talks in his own way! ——— and then we have made just three justices in the play, to be play'd by us three justices of the Quorum.

I JUSTICE.

Zooks! — so it is; — main ingenious — and can we sit and smoke at the same time we act?

SIR ROGER.

Ay, ay, — we have but three or four words to say — and may drink and be good company in peace and silence all the while after.

2 JUSTICE.

But how shall we know when we are to say these same words?

SIR ROGER.

This shall be the signal——when I set down the tankard, then speak you, Sir Humphry——— and when Sir Humphry sets down the tankard, speak you, Squire Statute.

I JUSTICE.

Ah, Sir Roger, you are an old dog at these things,

2 JUSTICE.

To be sure.

Sir ROGER.

Why neighbours, you know, experience, experience——I remember your Harts and your Bettertons——but to see your Othello, neighbours——how he would rave and roar, about a foolish flower'd handkerchief!——and then he would groud so manfully——and he would put out the light, and put the light out so cleverly! but hush——the prologue, the prologue.

[They seat themselves with much ceremony at the table, on which are pipes and tobacco, and a large silver tankard.

THE
PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. PENKETHMAN.

THE entertainment of this night — or day,
This something, or this nothing of a play,
Which strives to please all palates at a time,
With ghosts and men, songs, dances, prose and rhyme,
This comic story, or this tragic jest,
May make you laugh, or cry, as you like best ;
May exercise your good, or your ill-nature,
Move with distress, or tickle you with satyr.
All must be pleas'd too with their parts, we think :
Our maids have sweethearts, and their Worships drink.
Critics, we know, by ancient rules may maul it ;
But sure gallants must like — the What d'ye call it.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Sir Roger, Sir Humphry, Justice Statute, Constable,
Filbert, Serjeant, Kitty, Dorcas, Grandmother,
Aunt.

SIR ROGER.

HERE, Thomas Filbert, answer to your name,
Dorcas hath sworn to you she owes her shame:
Or wed her straight, or else you're sent afar,
To serve his gracious Majesty in war.

FILBERT.

'Tis false; 'tis false—I scorn thy odious touch.

[Pushing Dorcas from him.

DORCAS.

When their turn's serv'd, all men will do as much.

KITTY.

Ah, good your Worships, ease a wretched maid,
To the right father let the child be laid.
Art thou not perjur'd? mark his harmless look.
How canst thou, Dorcas, kiss the Bible book?
Hast thou no conscience, dost not fear Old Nick?
Sure sure the ground will ope, and take thee quick.

SERJEANT.

Zooks! never wed, 'tis safer much to roam;
For what is war abroad to war at home?
Who would not sooner bravely risque his life;
For what's a cannon to a scolding wife?

FILBERT.

Well, if I must, I must, — I hate the wench,
I'll bear a musquet then against the French.
From door to door I'd sooner whine and beg,
Both arms shot off, and on a wooden leg,

Than marry such a trapes—no, no, I'll not:
—Thou wilt too late repent when I am shot.
But, Kitty, why dost cry?—

GRANDMOTHER.

———Stay, Justice, stay;
Ah, little did I think to see this day!
Must grandson Filbert to the wars be prest?
Alack! I knew him when he suck'd the breast,
Taught him his catechism, the fescue held,
And join'd his letters, when the bantling spell'd.
His loving mother left him to my care,
Fine child, as like his dad as he could stare!
Come Candlemas, nine years ago she dy'd,
And now lies buried by the yew tree's side.

AUNT.

O tyrant Justices! have you forgot
How my poor brother was in Flanders shot?
You press'd my brother—he shall walk in white,
He shall—and shake your curtains ev'ry night.
What though a paltry hare he rashly kill'd,
That cross'd the furrows while he plough'd the field?
You sent him o'er the hills and far away;
Left his old mother to the parish pay,
With whom he shar'd his ten pence ev'ry day. }
Wat kill'd a bird, was from his farm turn'd out;
You took the law of Thomas for a trout:
You ruin'd my poor uncle at the sizes,
And made him pay nine pound for Nisiprises.
Now will you press my harmless nephew too?
Ah! what has conscience with the rich to do!

[Sir Roger takes up the tankard.

Though in my hand no silver tankard shine,
Nor my dry lip be dy'd with claret wine,
Yet I can sleep in peace——

Sir ROGER. [After having drunk.

————— Woman, forbear.

Sir HUMPHRY. [Drinking.

The man's within the act—————

Justice STATUTE. [Drinking also.

————— The law is clear.

SERJEANT.

Haste, let their Worships orders be obey'd.

KITTY. [Kneeling.

Behold how low you have reduc'd a maid.

Thus to your Worships on my knees I sue,

(A posture never known but in the pew)

If we can money for our taxes find,

Take that—but ah! our sweethearts leave behind.

To trade so barb'rous he was never bred,

The blood of vermin all the blood he shed:

How should he, harmless youth, how should he then

Who kill'd but poulcats, learn to murder men?

DORCAS.

O Thomas, Thomas, hazard not thy life;

By all that's good, I'll make a loving wife;

I'll prove a true pains-taker day and night,

I'll spin and card, and keep our children tight.

I can knit stockings, you can thatch a barn;

If you earn ten-pence, I my groat can earn.

How shall I weep to hear this infant cry?

[her hand on her belly.

He'll have no father—and no husband I.

KITTY.

Hold, Thomas, hold, nor hear that shameless witch:

I can sow plain-work, I can darn and stitch;

I can bear sultry days and frosty weather;

Yes, yes, my Thomas, we will go together;

Beyond the seas together will we go,
 In camps together, as at harvest, glow.
 This arm shall be a bolster for thy head,
 I'll fetch clean straw to make my soldier's bed:
 There, while thou sleep'st, my apron o'er thee hold,
 Or with it patch thy tent against the cold.
 Pigs in hard rains I've watch'd, and shall I do
 That for the pigs, I would not bear for you?

FILBERT.

Oh, Kitty, Kitty, canst thou quit the rake,
 And leave these meadows for thy sweetheart's sake?
 Canst thou so many gallant soldiers see,
 And captains and lieutenants slight for me?
 Say, canst thou hear the guns, and never shake,
 Nor start at oaths that make a Christian quake?
 Canst thou bear hunger, canst thou march and toil
 A long long way, a thousand thousand mile?
 And when thy Tom's blown up, or shot away,
 Then canst thou starve?—they'll cheat thee of my pay.

Sir ROGER.

[Drinking.

Take out that wench——

Sir HUMPHRY.

[Drinking.

——But give her penance meet.

Justice STATUTE.

[Drinking also.

I'll see her stand—next Sunday—in a sheet.

DORCAS.

Ah! why does nature give us so much cause
 To make kind-hearted lasses break the laws?
 Why should hard laws kind-hearted lasses bind,
 When too soft nature draws us after kind?

S C E N E II.

Sir Roger, Sir Humphry, Justice Statute, Filbert, Serjeant, Kitty, Grandmother, Aunt, Soldier.

SOLDIER.

Serjeant, the captain to your quarters sent;
To ev'ry ale-house in the town I went.
Our Corp'ral now has the deserter found;
The men are all drawn out, the pris'ner bound.

SERJEANT.

[To Filbert.

Come, soldier, come—————

KITTY.

—————Ah! take me, take me too.

GRANDMOTHER.

Stay, forward wench;—————

AUNT.

—————What would the creature do?

This week thy mother means to wash and brew.

KITTY.

Brew then she may herself, or wash or bake;
I'd leave ten mothers for one sweetheart's sake.
O justice most unjust!—————

FILBERT.

—————O tyranny!

KITTY.

How can I part?—————

FILBERT.

—————Alas! and how can I?

KITTY.

O rueful day!—————

FILBERT.

—————Rueful indeed, I trow.

KITTY.

O woeful day!

FILBERT.

—————A day indeed of woe!

KITTY.

When gentlefolks their sweathearts leave behind,
 They can write letters, and say something kind;
 But how shall Filbert unto me endite,
 When neither I can read, nor he can write?

Yet Justices, permit us ere we part
 To break this nine-pence, as you've broke our heart.

FILBERT.

[Breaking the nine-pence.

As this divides, thus are we torn in twain.

KITTY.

[Joining the pieces.

And as this meets, thus may we meet again.

[She is drawn away on one side of the
 stage by Aunt and Grandmother.

Yet one look more—————

FILBERT.

[Haul'd off on the other side by the Serjeant.

—————One more ere yet we go.

KITTY.

To part is death.—————

FILBERT.

—————'Tis death to part.

KITTY.

—————Ah!

FILBERT.

—————Oh!

S C E N E III.

Sir Roger, Sir Humphry, Justice Statute,
and Constable.

Sir ROGER. [Drinking.
See, constable, that ev'ry one withdraw.

Sir HUMPHRY. [Drinking.
W've bus'ness—————

Justice STATUTE. [Drinking also.
—————To discuss a point of law.

S C E N E IV.

Sir Roger, Sir Humphry, Justice Statute.

[They seem in earnest discourse.

Sir ROGER.
I say the prefs-act plainly makes it out.

Sir HUMPHRY.
Doubtless, Sir Roger.—————

Justice STATUTE.
—————Brother, without doubt.

A Ghost rises.

I GHOST.
I'm Jeffry Cackle.——you my death shall rue;
For I was prefs'd by you, by you, by you.

[Pointing to the Justices.

Another Ghost rises.

2 GHOST.
I'm Smut the farrier.——you my death shall rue;
For I was prefs'd by you, by you, by you.

A Woman's Ghost rises.

3 GHOST.

I'm Bess that hang'd myself for Smut so true;
So owe my death to you, to you, to you.

A Ghost of an Embryo rises.

4 GHOST.

I was begot before my mother married,
Who whipt by you, of me poor child miscarried.

Another Woman's Ghost rises.

5 GHOST.

It's mother I, whom you whipt black and blue;
Both owe our deaths to you, to you, to you.

[All Ghosts shake their heads.

Sir ROGER.

Why do you shake your mealy heads at me?
You cannot say I did it—

Both JUSTICES.

—No—nor we.

1 GHOST.

All three—

2 GHOST.

—All three—

3 GHOST.

—All three—

4 GHOST.

—All three—

5 GHOST.

—All three.

A SONG fung dismally by a
G H O S T.

YE goblins, and fairies,
With frisks and vagaries,
Ye fairies and goblins,
With hoppings and hobblings,
Come all, come all
To Sir Roger's great hall.

All fairies and goblins,
All goblins and fairies,
With hoppings and hobblings,
With frisks and vagaries.

C H O R U S.

Sing, goblins and fairies,
Sing, fairies and goblins,
With frisks and vagaries,
And hoppings and hobblings.

[The ghosts dance round the justices, who go off
in a fright, and the ghosts vanish.]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

A Field.

Timothy Peascod bound; Corporal, Soldiers
and Countrymen.

CORPORAL.

STand off there, countrymen; and you, the guard,
Keep close your prisoner—see that all's prepar'd.
Prime all your firelocks—fasten well the stake.

PEASCOD.

'Tis too much, too much trouble for my sake,
O fellow-foldiers, countrymen and friends,
Be warn'd by me to shun untimely ends:
For evil courses am I brought to shame,
And from my soul I do repent the same.
Oft my kind Grannam told me—Tim, take warning,
Be good—and say thy pray'rs—and mind thy learning.
But I, sad wretch, went on from crime to crime;
I play'd at nine-pins first in sermon time:
I robb'd the parson's orchard next;—and then
(For which I pray forgiveness) stole—a hen.
When I was press'd, I told them the first day
I wanted heart to fight, so ran away;

[Attempts to run off, but is prevented.

For which behold I die. 'Tis a plain case,
'Twas all a judgment for my want of grace.

[The foldiers prime, with their muskets towards him.
Hold, hold, my friends; nay hold, hold, hold, I pray;
They may go off—and I have more to say.

I COUNTRYMAN.

Come, 'tis no time to talk—

2 COUNTRYMAN.

—————Repent thine ill,
And pray in this good book— [Gives him a book.

PEASCOD.

—————I will, I will.

Lend me thy handkercher—The Pilgrim's pro—

[Reads and weeps.]

(I cannot see for tears) Pro—Progress—oh!

The Pilgrim's Progress—eighth—edi-ti-on.

Lon-don--prin-ted--for--Ni-cho-las Bod-ding-ton:

With new ad-di-tions never made before.

Oh! 'tis so moving, I can read no more.

[Drops the book.

S C E N E II.

Peascod, Corporal, Soldiers, Countrymen,
Serjeant, Filbert.

SERJEANT.

What whining's this? — boys, see your guns well
ramm'd,

You dog, die like a soldier—and be damn'd.

FILBERT.

My friend in ropes!

PEASCOD.

—————I should not thus be bound,

If I had means, and could but raise five pound.

The cruel Corp'ral whisper'd in my ear,

Five pounds, if rightly tipt, would set me clear.

FILBERT.

Here—Peascod, take my pouch—'tis all I own.

(For what is means and life when Kitty's gone!)

'Tis my pres-money—can this silver fail?

'Tis all, except one fixpence spent in ale.

This had a ring for Kitty's finger bought,

Kitty on me had by that token thought.

But for thy life, poor Tim, if this can do't;

Take it with all my soul—thou'rt welcome to't.

[Offers him his purse.

I COUNTRYMAN.

And take my fourteen pence——

2 COUNTRYMAN.

———And my cramp ring.

Would, for thy sake, it were a better thing.

3 COUNTRYMAN.

And master Serjeant, take my box of copper.

4 COUNTRYMAN.

And my wife's thimble——

5 COUNTRYMAN.

———And this 'bacco-stopper.

SERJEANT.

No bribes. take back your things—I'll have them not.

PEASCOD.

Oh! must I die?——

CHORUS OF COUNTRYMEN.

———Oh! must poor Tim be shot!

PEASCOD.

But let me kiss thee first——

[Embracing Filbert.

S C E N E III.

Peascod, Corporal, Soldiers, Countrymen,
Serjeant, Filbert, Dorcas.

DORCAS.

——— Ah, brother Tim.
Why these close hugs? I owe my shame to him.
He scorns me now, he leaves me in the lurch;
In a white sheet poor I must stand at church.
O marry me--[To Filbert.] thy sister is with child.
[To Tim.
And he, 'twas he my tender heart beguil'd.

PEASCOD.

Couldst thou do this? couldst thou---[In anger to Filb.

SERJEANT.

——— Draw out the men:
Quick to the stake; he must be dead by ten.

DORCAS.

Be dead! must Tim be dead!———

PEASCOD.

——— He must—— he must.

DORCAS.

Ah! I shall sink downright; my heart will burst.
—Hold, serjeant, hold,—yet ere you sing the psalms,
Ah let me ease my conscience of its qualms.
O brother, brother! Filbert still is true.
I foully wrong'd him—do, forgive me, do. [To Filb.
The Squire betray'd me; nay,—and what is worse,
Brib'd me with two gold guineas in this purse,
To swear the child to Filbert———

PEASCOD.

What a Jew
My sister is!—do, Tom, forgive her, do. [To Filb.

FILBERT.

[Kisses Dorcas.

But see thy base-born child, thy babe of shame,
Who, left by thee, upon our parish came,
Comes for thy blessing—

S C E N E IV.

Peascod, Corporal, Soldiers, Countrymen,
Serjeant, Filbert, Dorcas, Joyce.

PEASCOD.

Oh! my sins of youth!
Why on the haycock didst thou tempt me, Ruth?
O save me, Serjeant:—how shall I comply?
I love my daughter so—I cannot die.

JOYCE.

Must father die! and I be left forlorn?
A lack a day! that ever Joyce was born!
No grandfire in his arms e'er dandled me,
And no fond mother danc'd me on her knee.
They said, if ever father got his pay,
I should have two pence ev'ry market-day.

PEASCOD.

Poor child; hang sorrow, and cast care behind thee,
The parish by this badge is bound to find thee.
[Pointing to the badge on her arm.

JOYCE.

The parish finds indeed—but our church-wardens
Feast on the silver, and give us the farthings.

Then my school-mistress, like a vixen Turk,
 Maintains her lazy husband by our work:
 Many long tedious days I've worsted spun;
 She grudg'd me victuals when my task was done.
 Heav'n send me a good service! for I now
 Am big enough to wash or milk a cow.

PEASCOD.

O that I had by charity been bred!
 I then had been much better—taught than fed.
 Instead of keeping nets against the law,
 I might have learnt accounts, and sung Sol-fa.
 Farewell, my child; spin on, and mind thy book,
 And send thee store of grace therein to look.
 Take warning by thy shameless Aunt; lest thou
 Shouldst o'er thy bastard weep—as I do now.
 Mark my last words—an honest living get;
 Beware of Papishes and learn to knit.
 [Dorcas leads out Joyce sobbing and crying.

S C E N E V.

Peascod, Corporal, Soldiers, Countrymen,
 Serjeant, Filbert.

FILBERT.

Let's drink before we part———for sorrow's dry.
 To Tim's safe passage———

[Takes out a brandy-bottle, and drinks.

1 COUNTRYMAN.

——— I'll drink too.

2 COUNTRYMAN.

——— And I.

PEASCOD.

Stay, let me pledge—'tis my last earthly liquor.

[Drinks.]

—When I am dead you'll bind my grave with wicker.

[They lead him to the stake.]

1 COUNTRYMAN.

He was a special ploughman——

[Sighing.]

2 COUNTRYMAN.

—————Harrow'd well!

3 COUNTRYMAN.

And at our may-pole ever bore the bell!

PEASCOD.

Say, is it fitting in this very field,

Where I so oft have reap'd, so oft have till'd;

This field, where from my youth I've been a carter,

I, in this field, should die for a deserter?

FILBERT.

'Tis hard, 'tis wondrous hard!

SERJEANT.

—————Zooks here's a pother.

Strip him; I'd stay no longer for my brother.

PEASCOD.

[Distributing his things among his friends.]

Take you my 'bacco-box——my neckcloth, you.

To our kind Vicar send this bottle-skrew.

But wear these breeches, Tom; they're quite bran-new.

FILBERT.

Farewel—————

1 COUNTRYMAN.

—————B'ye, Tim.—————

2 COUNTRYMAN.

—————B'ye, Tim.

3 COUNTRYMAN.

—————Adieu.

4 COUNTRYMAN.

Adieu.

[They all take leave of Peascod
by shaking hands with him.]

S C E N E VI.

Peascod, Corporal, Soldiers, Countrymen, Serjeant,
Filbert, to them a Soldier in great haste.

SOLDIER.

Hold—why so furious, Serjeant? by your leave,
Untye the pris'ner—see, here's a reprieve.

[Shews a paper.]

CHORUS OF COUNTRYMEN.

[Huzzaing.]

A reprieve, a reprieve, a reprieve!

[Peascod is unty'd and embraces his friends.]

S C E N E VII.

Peascod, Corporal, Soldiers, Countrymen, Ser-
jeant, Filbert, Constable.

CONSTABLE.

Friends, reprehend him, reprehend him there.

SERJEANT.

For what?—

CONSTABLE.

—For stealing gaffer Gap's gray mare.

[They seize the Serjeant.]

PEASCOD.

Why, hark ye, hark ye, friend; you'll go to pot.
Would you be rather hang'd—hah!—hang'd or shot!

SERJEANT.

Nay, hold, hold, hold————

PEASCOD.

————Not if you were my brother.
Why, friend, should you not hang as well's another?

CONSTABLE.

Thus said Sir John—the law must take its course;
'Tis law that he may 'scape who steals a horse.
But (said Sir John) the statutes all declare,
The man shall sure be hang'd—that steals a mare.

PEASCOD.

[To the Serjeant.

Ay—right—he shall be hang'd that steals a mare.
He shall be hang'd—that's certain; and good cause.
A rare good sentence this—how is't?—the laws,
No—not the laws—the statutes all declare,
The man that steals a mare shall sure—be—hang'd,
No, no—he shall be hang'd that steals a mare, &c.

[Exit Serjeant guarded, Countrymen, &c.
huzzaing after him.

S C E N E VIII.

Kitty, with her hair loose, Grandmother, Aunt, Hay-
makers, Chorus of Sighs and Groans.

KITTY.

Dear happy fields, farewell; ye flocks, and you
Sweet meadows, glitt'ring with the pearly dew:

And thou, my rake, companion of my cares,
 Giv'n by my mother in my younger years:
 With thee the toils of full eight springs I've known,
 'Tis to thy help I owe this hat and gown;
 On thee I lean'd, forgetful of my work,
 While Tom gaz'd on me, propt upon his fork:
 Farewel, farewel; for all thy task is o'er,
 Kitty shall want thy service now no more.

[Flings away the rake.

CHORUS OF SIGHS and GROANS.

Ah——O!—sure never was the like before!

KITTY.

Happy the maid, whose sweetheart never hears
 The soldier's drum, nor writ of justice fears.
 Our bans thrice bid! and for our wedding-day
 My kerchief bought! then press'd, then forc'd away!

CHORUS OF SIGHS and GROANS.

Ah! O! poor soul! alack! and well a day!

KITTY.

You, Bess, still reap with Harry by your side;
 You, Jenny, shall next Sunday be a bride;
 But I forlorn!——this ballad shews my care;

[Gives Susan a Ballad.

Take this sad ballad, which I bought at fair:
 Susan can sing—do you the burthen bear.

A B A L L A D.

I.

TWAS when the seas were roaring
With hallow blasts of wind;
A damfel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd.
Wide o'er the roaring billows
She cast a wistful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows
That tremble o'er the brook.

II.

Twelve months are gone and over,
and nine long tedious days.
Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
And let my lover rest:
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast?

III.

The merchant rob'd of pleasure,
Sees tempests in despair;
But what's the loss of treasure
To losing of my dear?
Should you some coast be laid on
Where gold and di'monds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

IV.

How can they say that nature
 Has nothing made in vain;
 Why then beneath the water
 Should hideous rocks remain?
 No eyes the rocks discover,
 That lurk beneath the deep,
 To wreck the wandring lover,
 And leave the maid to weep.

V.

All melancholy lying,
 Thus wail'd she for her dear;
 Repay'd each blast with sighing,
 Each billow with a tear;
 When, o'er the white wave stooping,
 His floating corpse she spy'd;
 Then like a lily drooping,
 She bow'd her head and dy'd.

KITTY.

Why in this world should wretched Kitty stay?
 What if these hands should make my self away?
 I could not sure do otherways than well.
 A maid so true's too innocent for hell.

But harkye, Cis—— [Whispers and gives her a
 penknife.

AUNT.

————— I'll do't——'tis but to try
 If the poor soul can have the heart to die.

[Aside to the Haymakers.

Thus then I strike——but turn thy head aside.

KITTY.

'Tis shameless sure to fall as pigs have dy'd.

No—take this cord—— [Gives her a cord.

AUNT.

————— With this thou shalt be sped.

[Putting the noose round her neck.

KITTY.

But curs are hang'd —————

AUNT.

————— Christians should die in bed.

KITTY.

Then lead me thither; there I'll moan and weep,
And close these weary eyes in death.

AUNT.

————— Or sleep. [Aside.

KITTY.

When I am cold, and stretch'd upon my bier,
My restless sprite shall walk at midnight here!
Here shall I walk——for 'twas beneath yon tree
Filbert first said he lov'd—lov'd only me. [Kitty faints.

GRANDMOTHER.

She swoons, poor soul——help, Dolly.

AUNT.

————— She's in fits.

Bring water, water, water——— [Screaming.

GRANDMOTHER.

————— Fetch her wits.

[They throw water upon her.

KITTY.

Hah! I am turn'd a stream—look all below;
It flows, and flows, and will for ever flow.

The meads are all afloat—the haycocks swim.

Hah! who comes here!—my Filbert! drown not him.

Bagpipes in butter, flocks in fleecy fountains, [tains.

Churns, sheep-hooks, seas of milk, and honey moun-

S C E N E IX.

Kitty, Grandmother, Aunt, Haymakers,
Filbert.

KITTY.

It is his ghost—or is it he indeed?
Wert thou not sent to war? hah, dost thou bleed?
No———'tis my Filbert.

FILBERT. [Embracing her.

Yes, 'tis he, 'tis he,
Dorcas confess'd; the Justice set me free.
I'm thine again.

KITTY.

I thine

FILBERT.

Our fears are fled.
Come, let's to church, to church.

KITTY.

To wed.

FILBERT.

To bed.

CHORUS OF HAYMAKERS.

A wedding, a bedding; a wedding, a bedding.

[Exeunt all the actors.

Sir ROGER.

Ay, now for the wedding. where's he that plays the
Parson? now, neighbours, you shall see what was ne-
ver shewn upon the London stage.—why, heigh day?
what's our Play at a stand?

Enter a Countryman.

COUNTRYMAN.

So please your Worship, I should have play'd the
Parson, but our curate would not lend his gown, for
he says it is a profanation.

SIR ROGER.

What a scrupulous whim is this? an innocent thing! believe me, an innocent thing.

[The Justices assent by nods and signs.
Enter Stave the Parish-clerk.

STAVE.

Master Doctor saith he hath two and twenty good reasons against it from the Fathers, and he is come himself to utter them to your Worship.

SIR ROGER.

What, shall our Play be spoil'd? I'll have none of his reasons—call in Mr. Inference.

Stave goes out and re-enters.

STAVE.

Sir, he saith he never greatly affected stage plays.

[within.]

Stave, Stave, Stave.

SIR ROGER.

Tell him that I say———

[within.]

Stave, Stave.

SIR ROGER.

What, shall the Curate controul me? have not I the presentation? tell him that I will not have my Play spoil'd; nay, that he shall marry the couple himself—I say, he shall.

Stave goes out and re-enters.

STAVE.

The steward hath persuaded him to join their hands in the parlour within—but he saith he will not, and cannot in conscience consent to expose his character before neighbouring gentlemen; neither will he enter into your Worship's hall; for he calleth it a stage pro tempore.

SIR HUMPHRY.

Very likely: the good man may have reason.

Justice STATUTE.

In troth, we must in some sort comply with the scrupulous tender conscienc'd doctor.

Sir ROGER.

Why, what's a Play without a marriage? and what is a marriage if one sees nothing of it? let him have his humour—but set the doors wide open, that we may see how all goes on. [Exit Stave.

[Sir Roger at the door pointing. So natural! d'ye see now, neighbours? the ring i'faith to have and to hold! right again—well play'd, doctor; well play'd, son Thomas. come, come, I'm satisfy'd——now for the fiddles and dances.

Enter Steward, Squire Thomas, Kitty, Stave, &c.

STEWARD.

Sir Roger, you are very merry.

So comes a reck'ning when the banquet's o'er,

The dreadful reck'ning, and men smile no more.

I wish you joy of your Play, and of your daughter, I had no way but this to repair the injury your son had done my child—she shall study to deserve your favour.

[Presenting Kitty to Sir Roger.

Sir ROGER.

Married! how married! can the marriage of Filbert and Carrot have any thing to do with my son?

STEWARD.

But the marriage of Thomas and Katharine may, Sir Roger.

Sir ROGER.

What a plague, am I trick'd then? I must have a stage Play, with a pox!

Sir HUMPHRY.

If this speech be in the play, remember the tankard, Sir Roger.

Squire THOMAS.

Zooks these stage plays are plaguy dangerous things
—— but I am no such fool neither, but I know this
was all your contrivance.

Justice STATUTE.

Ay, Sir Roger, you told us it was you that gave
him the hint.

Sir ROGER.

Why blockhead! puppy! had you no more wit
than to say the ceremony? he should only have mar-
ried you in rhyme, fool.

Squire THOMAS.

Why, what did I know, ha? but so it is—and since
murder will out, as the saying is; look ye, father, I
was under some sort of a promise too, d'ye see—so
much for that——if I be a husband, I be a husband,
there's an end on't—sure I must have been married
some time or other.

[Sir Roger walks up and down fretting,
and goes out in a passion.

Sir HUMPHRY.

In troth, it was in some sort my opinion before; it
is good in law.

Justice STATUTE.

Good in law, good in law—but hold, we must not
lose the dance.

A D A N C E.

EPILOGUE.

STAVE.

*Our stage Play has a Moral—and no doubt,
You all have sense enough to find it out.*

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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[Sir Roger walks up and down fretting,
and goes out in a passion.

Sir HUMPHRY.

In troth, it was in some sort my opinion before; it
is good in law.

Justice STATUTE.

Good in law, good in law—but hold, we must not
lose the dance.

A DANCE.

EPILOGUE.

STAVE.

*Our stage Play has a Moral—and no doubt,
You all have sense enough to find it out.*

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

Gay, John

Poems On Several Occasions

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